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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 21, 1979 Price One Dollar

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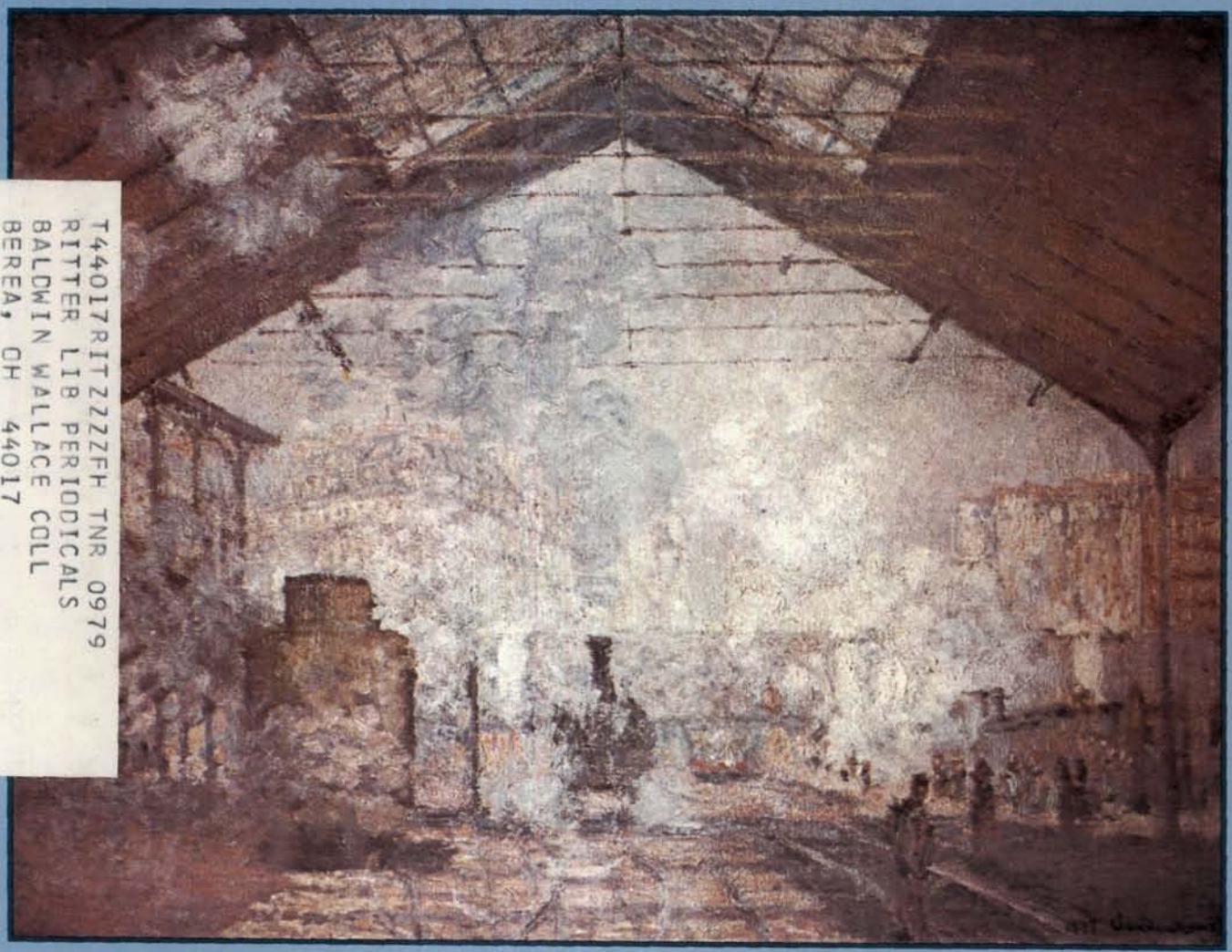

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We asked Americans:

One in a Series from Union Carbide.

'Is Industry Using Energy More Efficiently Since The 1973 Oil Embargo?'

8 out of 10 Americans say 'No.'

A March, 1979 sampling of public opinion, conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc.,* shows that most Americans feel U.S. industry isn't conserving energy: 53% say industry is using more energy per unit of production than at the time of the 1973 oil boycott. And 29% say industry is using "the same amount."

But a majority see no rise in home use of electricity.

When asked about their own efforts to conserve energy, 52% say they are using about the same amount of electricity at home as in 1973. And 44% feel they are using about the same amount of gasoline, heating oil and natural gas.

What has happened in energy conservation?

Facts to support the belief that individuals are using less or the same amount of gasoline and fuels are hard to come by—since government figures often combine household and commercial use. But the facts do show that the residential and commercial share of the total U.S. energy consumption has gotten *larger* since 1973. And the industrial share has gotten *smaller.*

- According to Edison Electric Institute, average home use of electricity is up almost 10% since the 1973 embargo.
- Since 1973, the U.S. Department of Energy reports, industry has reduced its share of U.S. energy consumption from 39.1% to 35.4%.

What do we gain from conservation?

While many may have ignored initial appeals for energy conservation, inflation and an unstable world have given conservation a very real urgency. Conservation won't make energy less costly in a time of inflation. But it will keep America's energy bills more affordable.

In short, energy conservation is now an economic necessity. Given the real and rising costs of energy, Americans can't afford not to conserve.

What government is doing about energy.

President Carter has submitted to Congress standby conservation plans for gasoline rationing and restrictions on weekend gasoline sales, building temperatures and display lighting.

For the longer term, the White House, Congress and DOE are examining ways both to induce conservation and to provide additional energy supplies—a task complicated by the need to find solutions that are realistic, economically sound—and acceptable to the American people.

What approaches to conservation do Americans favor?

Americans give majority acceptance to two ways to achieve energy conservation: 68% go along with voluntary programs and 62% with conservation laws, short of rationing. A 40% minority accept rationing. And 32% say "raising the price of energy" has a role to play.

The next step.

Perhaps the biggest boost to conservation will come when our policies are based on realistic energy pricing. Once we no longer try to isolate ourselves from the real costs of energy, we won't be tempted to use more than we really need. Each of us will have an incentive to cut waste because we know energy's true costs.

The reality of rising prices: Much of the oil we use comes from abroad—and at skyrocketing prices. The oil we use at home is kept at artificially low prices by federal regulations. And inflation and our desire for a cleaner environment make new domestic energy resources increasingly costly to develop.

Price is 'the one most persuasive factor': Acknowledging the role of prices in fostering energy conservation, President Carter recently described rising prices as "the most persuasive factor" in constraining waste.

A hesitation to apply price remedies: The problem with higher energy prices is that none of us like to pay them—and some of us can't afford to. And our elected representatives understandably hesitate to apply price remedies to energy ills. But given current energy realities, pricing energy resources at their actual costs may be a conservation tool we can't afford to ignore.

New support for price incentives? The March study shows a low 32% of Americans now accept higher prices as an energy conservation measure. But others might also give their support if convinced that phased-in higher prices honestly reflect costs; don't provide windfall profits; and are fairly apportioned among all groups of the consuming public.

Union Carbide's stake in saving energy.

Union Carbide uses large amounts of energy resources for fuel and power—and as raw material. Last year's bill for these was more than $1 billion. We must conserve, therefore, to make sure that we have raw materials and energy for the future. And to cut costs—since energy bills are a major factor in the price consumers pay for our products.

By the end of 1978, we had exceeded our energy conservation goal for 1980; we'd reduced our energy use per pound of product by more than 15 percent since 1972.

This advertisement is part of a continuing series on public opinion and national concerns. For more information, send for your complimentary copy of "Public Attitudes on Energy Conservation," a report of the nationwide survey.

*Conducted by telephone among a national probability sampling of 1,000 adults.

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TRB

from Washington
April 21, 1979

The Hokum Shortage

To go to a president's press conference you walk over to the old State War and Navy Building, now called the Old Executive Office, with all its flutings and granite gingerbread, and snap your White House correspondent's card to the lapel of your coat. Guards ask you what is in that briefcase and you show it to them, and then you take the elevator to the fourth floor conference room where the technicians are fiddling with the klieg lights and about half of the 200 seats are already filled. The seats mostly have names of newspapers attached to them and you are supposed to find yours with the understanding that if you aren't located at five minutes before the hour, the still empty seats are up for grabs.

The atmosphere is small-town, little theater informality. The center aisle slopes down gently with six steps. The floor has mauve carpet. There is a small platform in front with a lectern, and a circular presidential seal, on it. Now the full battery of lights flashes on dazzlingly and the TV man with a lethal-looking instrument like a torpedo launcher, which is really a microphone for catching voices in a crowd, gets it cleared and ready. We all look at the door to the left of the platform down in front. That's where He will enter. He will walk over from the White House next door. In the old days reporters used to jam into the Oval Office around Franklin Roosevelt's desk, but those were the happy days before television. Now I don't know how many million people are watching us. Certain rituals remain that Roosevelt helped create: the first questions are asked by the senior wire-service reporters (Frank Cormier, AP, on one side of the aisle down front and Helen Thomas, UPI, on the other) and the half-hour session will end when Cormier, who is watching the time, yells above the hubbub, "Thank you, Mister President!"

There he is entering now, 30 seconds late, smiling, dark suit, face ruddy from the jogging he's been doing, hair quite brownish when seen close to. He mounts the platform and looks down at what must look to him like rows of pie-plate faces. This press conference is more dramatic than most because five days before he gave his energy speech and did something that his friends had almost despaired of his doing: he came out fighting. Yes, he appealed over the heads of the big oil companies and of the Congress to the American people. He came out fighting in a characteristic moderate, restrained, low-keyed Jimmy Carter way, but there was no mistaking the change in emphasis and the language and more particularly the emotion.

Washington is, of course, the best show on earth, and every episode is different, but right now it has extraordinary drama of a quiet kind. I do not think any peacetime president since Hoover has had so many insoluble problems shuddering at him at once: energy, inflation, SALT, Middle East, recession and the less serious but more aggravating prospect of changing our cozy American lifestyle as we run out of fuel and gaze musingly at the family car.

It was into this that Jimmy Carter dropped his energy speech. "Good evening," he began, and immediately added, "Our nation's energy problem is very serious—and it is getting worse." Yes, he continued, "Our national strength is dangerously dependent on a thin line of oil tankers stretching half-way around the earth, originating in the Middle East and around the Persian Gulf—one of the most unstable regions in the world."

It was high time somebody said it, of course. Why didn't Carter before? Two years ago this month, almost to the day, he sent his first polite energy message to Congress . . . and what a lot he has learned since! Congress balked. From the White House there came no ringing follow-up. He has learned a lot in two years as this new energy appeal revealed: "This is a painful step," he said, "and I will give it to you straight: each of us will have to use less oil and pay more for it."

Carter came right out and said nasty things about the oil corporations, and after that appealed to listeners for help with Congress. "As sure as the sun will rise tomorrow," he said of the $13-billion windfall profits that will flow from deregulation, "the oil companies can be expected to fight to keep the profits which they have not earned." He added an imputation as insulting to Congress as it is justified: "The inevitable scrambling by interest groups for a larger share of these revenues can leave the Congress divided, bogged down and therefore unable to act." Speak up listeners, he pleaded, come to my help!

It was natural at the president's press conference last week that the reporters should turn right away to oil to see if the "new Carter" was still around. He was—in his own curious calm, quiet, low-keyed way. Teddy Roosevelt couldn't comment on the weather without making it melodrama. Wilson spoke like Pericles. Franklin Roosevelt rolled out headlines. Harry Truman would have bounced around like a feisty fox-terrier ready to attack a bear. Carter is funny; sometimes I wonder whether a man can be a successful president without heroics, posturing, theater—all right, hokum. But in this oil case I think Carter might win. And it might well make or break him.

It's a long story but the point is the big oil companies have been making a lot of money. In 1950 Ibn Saud wanted higher returns for his oil, and the US State Department feared communist aggression. To avoid a showdown it was arranged, in effect, that the higher payment should come out of the American treasury. Yes, it was quite simple. Previously oil payments to Saudi Arabia were called "royalties" for tax purposes. By changing this to foreign "income taxes" the costs came under a lower US tax rate. The gimmick is called the "foreign tax credit" and is supposed to prevent double taxation. It cost IRS last year around $1.2 billion, a hefty sum.

Jimmy Carter last week needled the oil companies on another matter: instead of using spare cash virtuously to find more oil, they have spent some of it acquiring other companies. I don't mean to be unfair: they have sunk wells, too. But it weakens their demand for all the windfall profits to recount some of these spare cash acquisitions.

Mobil Corporation, which writes the uplifting advertisements, gobbled up Montgomery Ward; Exxon bought a Chilean copper company; Sunoco has a retail grocery chain; Atlantic-Richfield bought out the 185-year old *London Observer*. *Business Week* last April ran a piece on oil acquisitions, from hotels to grocery chains, uranium to life insurance. Gulf once considered buying Ringling Brothers.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 180, No. 16, Issue 3354, April 21, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

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Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. **Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	The Hokum Shortage
Comment	5	A Subsidy for Sentiment
		Cultural Imperialism
	7	Correspondence
John Osborne	9	White House Watch: Treaty Push II
William Lee Miller	11	The Horny Dialogues
Robert J. Myers	12	Frayed Thais
Stephen Kinzer	14	The World's Biggest Deadbeat
Amos Elon	18	Mad Settlers on the West Bank
	23	The Best Resume in America
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Theater: Matters of Race
Michael Ullman	25	Jazz: Tommy Flanagan
Joyce Carol Oates	28	*The Penguin Book of Women Poets* edited by Carol Cosman, Joan Keefe and Kathleen Weaver
Morton Mintz	30	*Suffer the Children* by The Insight Team of The Sunday Times of London
Nathan Irvin Huggins	32	*Amiri Baraka/LeRoi Jones* by Werner Sollors
Jack Beatty	36	*Contested Terrain* by Richard C. Edwards
Annalyn Swan	37	*Anton von Webern* by Hans Moldenhauer
Brief Review	38	*Personal Politics* by Sara Evans
China Diarist	42	Rich and Poor

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 21, 1979

A Subsidy for Sentiment

Americans have had a long love affair with trains. Railroads joined the nation together, opened up the West, ushered in the 20th century. Nowadays they evoke memories of a cleaner, simpler era in American life. "There isn't a train I wouldn't take," wrote Edna St. Vincent Millay, "no matter where it's going." Since her time, Americans have cast off their old love, lured by the seductive appeal of the car and the jetliner. But the old feeling lingers. A Harris poll last year showed that most Americans would like better, faster and more numerous passenger trains, and want the government to spend more money to develop them.

But there is bad news as well for the nation's railroads. Transportation Secretary Brock Adams has proposed cutting back the route structure of Amtrak, the semi-public corporation that provides all the regular rail and passenger service in the US. The plan would reduce Amtrak's route mileage by 43 percent and reduce service on some of its remaining routes. It will go into effect May 14 if not vetoed by either house of Congress. The Senate's approval of the new plan is a foregone conclusion; sentiment in the House is more divided but it too will probably go along. The main critics of the proposal, particularly the National Association of Railroad Passengers, oppose the changes both for what they do and for what they may lead to: a slow death for the government's experiment in passenger train service. Ross Capon, executive director of the railroad passenger lobby, says many of the Department of Transportation's staff people would shed no tears if Amtrak died. But he thinks the nation would suffer dearly from the loss of passenger railroad service.

Capon may be right about the intentions of DOT but he is wrong about their wisdom. For all the hopes it aroused, Amtrak has written no success stories in the eight years since it was created. Originally designed to be a profit-making corporation, it has nearly drowned in red ink. In 1973, Amtrak lost $153 million; by 1978 its annual operating deficit had grown to $587 million. Amtrak has never made money on *any* of its routes, even Washington to New York. Fares from riders now cover only about a third of Amtrak's operating costs. They don't even begin to help pay off its capital expenditures.

Amtrak has produced more than its share of fiscal horror stories. A couple of years ago the National Taxpayers Union figured out that Amtrak's losses on its New York to Florida route were so high that it would be better off financially to provide all its passengers with a plane ticket and free hotel accommodations instead of transporting them by train. Each passenger on the Chicago to Miami run pays Amtrak $88 and costs $298 to transport. The GAO studied 10 of Amtrak's worst routes during 1976 and 1977 and figured out that all of them would have lost money even if they had been completely full all the time. Last year Senator Russell Long took a look at the losses on Amtrak's Chicago to Milwaukee line and was astonished: "Can you imagine," he asked in one committee hearing, "for a passenger to travel between Chicago and Milwaukee, competing with the bus, this government is compelled to lose $32 to keep somebody from buying a $5.50 bus ticket?" In setting its fares, Amtrak is caught between a rock and a hard place. If it keeps its prices down, it will continue to lose huge sums of money. But if it raises them, it will lose some of its passengers to buses, which now charge only slightly less than Amtrak on most routes, and some to airplanes, which provide quicker service in exchange for their higher fares. Amtrak now charges ridiculously low fares, given its costs, but it is in no position to raise them very much.

So far the federal government has spent $3.2 billion

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to pay for Amtrak's operating losses and capital improvements, besides guaranteeing $900 million in loans that Amtrak probably never will repay. DOT says the prescribed surgery is vital to Amtrak's survival. By the administration's estimate, the cutbacks will save $166 billion next year and $1.4 billion in the next five years. The routes that DOT has amputated include the Chicago to Florida run, which lost $15 million in 1977, and the Washington to Cincinnati route, which lost $2.4 million. The Department thinks the smaller system will enable Amtrak to concentrate on improving service and increasing passengers on the better routes, particularly the run in the northeast corridor from Boston to Washington, which carries more than half of Amtrak's total passengers.

In a country where public sentiment is so clearly sympathetic to trains, how has Amtrak managed to do so badly? Part of the failure can be blamed on Amtrak, which has been poorly managed. Part can be blamed on the railways workers union, which has the most outrageous featherbedding rules in American labor. But most of the blame falls on the same public that professes such fondness for passenger trains. Most Americans like knowing that trains are around, but they hardly ever ride one. The same sampling that gave the Harris poll such a resounding endorsement of Amtrak also showed the root of its malaise. Asked how they would prefer to travel on a trip of more than 100 miles, 56 percent chose the private car, 28 percent chose the plane, eight percent chose the bus and only six percent chose the train. "However," Harris said bravely, "for travelers living in areas where train service is actually available, the percentage who would choose the train moves up to 9." Despite spending hundreds of millions of dollars to buy more comfortable passenger cars and to improve its old ones, Amtrak has not been able to attract large numbers of riders. Since 1972, the number of riders has risen only 22 percent; total annual passenger miles have grown 43 percent. Getting these modest increases in customers has made Amtrak's financial picture worse, not better. The increases have come about not because Amtrak has been able to lure more people to its original service, but because it has added new routes and run more trains on old ones. The General Accounting Office concluded last year that the revenues from the increased business haven't even covered the costs of the added service. And the number of people using Amtrak may already have peaked. Last year the total number of trips fell to 18.9 million, down from 19.2 million in 1977, while total passenger-miles fell seven percent.

Amtrak's supporters, like the NARP, concede that Amtrak has not lived up to its purpose of becoming self-supporting, and try to minimize the importance of the discouraging passenger statistics. In this view, the thinking behind Amtrak was misguided from the start. But its defenders argue that passenger rail travel should not be expected to break even. They argue it is a public service that the government—that is, the taxpayers, including those who don't ride trains—should be willing to subsidize permanently. Their justification for Amtrak goes something like this: We live in an age of energy scarcity. Amtrak can transport more people with less fuel than other modes of transportation. Besides being more fuel-efficient, trains are cleaner than the alternatives; more train travel would mean less pollution. Amtrak also provides a means of transportation to people who can't afford to fly or drive. Its benefits outweigh its costs. It should be expanded, not cut back; more money should be spent on it, not less. That way, as Tom Wicker put it, "a well-developed rail service could again become a highly useful part of a national transportation system as it is almost everywhere else in the world."

The most appealing argument for Amtrak these days surely is that the energy crisis demands a greater reliance on fuel-efficient modes of transportation. NARP cites a study by Richard Price, a professor at Carnegie-Mellon University, who calculated that highly modern trains could get up to 125 passenger-miles per gallon of fuel, twice what is projected for cars and four times what airplanes can achieve. Amtrak, says Ross Capon, could save the nation up to 300,000 barrels of oil a day if properly developed.

So far, though, the idea that Amtrak can make us less dependent on OPEC is mostly wishful thinking. The projections cited by NARP would require hugely expensive investments, since they figure on 4000 horsepower locomotives traveling at from 125 to 150 miles per hour. Besides new trains, achieving such high speeds would require radical improvements in the nation's railway roadbeds, which are in no condition to handle 125 mph trains. (Amtrak's average speed is about 40 mph under the best of circumstances, Capon says.) Amtrak has come nowhere near achieving the kind of fuel efficiency suggested by its supporters. A 1974 study by the Federal Energy Administration figured that Amtrak gets only 48 passenger-miles per gallon—exactly the same as the average private car. Other studies give Amtrak only a small advantage over cars (though a big one over planes). By contrast, the FEA study estimated that inter-city buses get 118 passenger-miles per gallon—more than double Amtrak's rating. Automobile fuel efficiency most likely will keep pace with any improvements made by Amtrak. Detroit's new cars are required to average at least 27 miles per gallon by 1984. Since the typical car carries 2.2 passengers at any given time, the new requirements would mean that the average new car would provide nearly 60 passenger-miles per gallon.

Amtrak's celebrated superiority in preventing pollution, like its supposed fuel efficiency, would be a strong argument if it were true. Unfortunately it isn't. A study by the Boeing Aircraft Company concluded that "diesel-electric trains produce significantly more

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Correspondence

The limits of presidential power

To the editors:

Lawrence Tribe's criticism ("Goldwater vs. Carter," *TNR*, March 17) of my lawsuit challenging President Carter's attempted termination of our defense treaty with the Republic of China has glaring omissions of constitutional and historical fact.

For example, Tribe finds no need for concern by the Framers about a presidential decision to remove the country from treaty "entanglements." What about the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain of 1783 which the Framers had fresh in mind, or any other peace treaty? What about commercial treaties advantageous to a particular region of the country? Tribe does indicate the case for congressional involvement is stronger as to commercial treaties because of their effect on private rights, but he misses the point that the Framers were obsessed with geographic economic interests and many were particularly interested in "maintaining the sacredness" of commercial treaties favorable to their states. Surely the Framers did not intend to vest the power of total life or death over peace and commercial treaties with a single officer of government unchecked by any other branch. And since the Constitution itself does not distinguish between treaties of alliance, peace or others, the same protective armor which applies to any of them must apply to all.

Tribe indicates the "very fact that the Constitution does not prescribe a mode of treaty termination suggests that the framers did not think any one mode appropriate in all cases. . . ." Does Tribe make the same argument as to all other laws? Article I, section 7 of the Constitution provides how a bill becomes law, but is silent on how that law is unmade. Are we to reason from this that the president can repeal a statutory law on his own? Of course not. Obviously, the president alone cannot repeal any law, statute or treaty.

What are the consequences of giving the president an open-ended discretion to terminate any treaty based on his judgment of what Tribe calls "the balance of political forces" at any given moment of history? Let us examine only those treaties which by their own terms allow either "party to give notice of termination.

There are literally dozens of such treaties between the United States and other international entities, including NATO, our security treaties with South Korea, Japan and the Philippines, and the Nuclear-Nonproliferation Treaty. If "party" means "president" in each of these treaties, then any future president will be able to wake up in the morning and decide by himself that the country is withdrawing from them without any power in Congress to stop him. This would be giving the president virtually a dictator's powers.

Professor Tribe admits as much by seeing a danger that a court decision might enlarge the president's powers. But the real danger is in letting the president's unilateral action stand unchallenged. The question is whether the president must obey the law—not what is wise policy or politically expedient. As John Marshall wrote in *Marbury* v. *Madison*, it is "emphatically the province and the duty" of the court "to say what the law is," and that is why I have gone to the court with this matter.

Barry Goldwater
United States Senate
Washington, DC

Neglecting equal justice

To the editors:

Nicholas Lemann's fine April 7 article, "Protégé Power," did not treat one Supreme Court member with equal justice.

Three former clerks, not two, now sit on the Court. Lemann mentions only William Rehnquist and Byron White, but John Paul Stevens served as a law clerk to Justice Wiley Rutledge 1947-48.

Richard Carelli
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Mind manipulation

To the editors:

We were pleased to see your reviewer, Peter Sterling, agreeing with so much of the thesis of our book, *The Mind Manipulators*, but we must correct one unintentionally misleading implication of the review in your March 3 issue. Our book is far from a sweeping condemnation of physicians, surgeons and scientists. Our analysis of the work of the small minority of researchers who have struck a Faustean bargain with would-be political mind controllers emphasizes the force of economic and political advantage, not personalities. It is not the existence of "bad" scientists and "bad" doctors that creates bad applications of science and bad uses of medicine. Rather, the market value of mind manipulation in power, prestige and money draws a few—but too many—into its orbit.

Edward M. Opton Jr.
Alan Scheflin
San Francisco, California

Fail-safe nuclear power

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann in his review of the film *The China Syndrome* may inadvertently have touched upon one cause of the inadequate response and reaction by NRC and Power Company officials during the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island. Mr. Kauffmann argued that power executives could not be so insane as to commit the kind of cover-up depicted in *China Syndrome* since they, too, would be affected by radioactive fallout.

Perhaps the self-deluding assumption of the power complex is that the system is "fail-safe" because it would be insane if it were not fail-safe. After all, the people who build and run these installations are at least sane and responsible men when their own mortality or health is likely to be at stake. The rationale for cover-up within the power complex is technocratic: only relatively minor accidents have occurred thus far, and these accidents are best dealt with within the power complex "family" by experts, free from the panicky and irrational pressures of politicians and public who do not understand the technicalities involved and whose over-reaction might damage the industries' image.

The fatally erroneous assumption by both NRC and the power companies seems to be that each has in fact effectively overseen the other. And the main safeguard is, as Mr. Kauffmann noted, that officials would never be so foolish as to permit minor flaws and accidents to escalate into major ones. (Indeed, in *The China Syndrome*, the system does stabilize itself in the end. There is

(continued on page 39)

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emmissions per passenger than the bus/airplane/automobile group." The Department of Transportation agrees that this alleged benefit is greatly exaggerated. As with fuel efficiency, cars are about as good as Amtrak, and buses are considerably better. Inter-city buses have lower emissions than any other form of transportation.

Amtrak's supporters contend that Amtrak's subsidies have been singled out for special and unfair attention, while other transportation subsidies are ignored. "The government has in the past invested the taxpayers' money to build the world's best highway and air traffic systems," Capon recently told a House committee. "We can afford to do the same for railroads." But the argument that train travel is merely getting its fair share of subsidies is simply inaccurate. Other transportation modes do get federal money, but they pay most or all of it back through special taxes and other user charges. The federal government pays 90 percent of the cost of the interstate highway system, and 90 percent of the federal government's cost is paid for out of the highway trust fund, which is supported by gasoline taxes and other levies on users. These are the routes that compete most directly with trains. States and municipalities, however, do finance roads mostly out of general revenues. Even with this subsidy, the Congressional Budget Office estimates that users pay 50 to 60 percent of all road costs in the US. One CBO analyst says private cars get a subsidy of no more than a third of a cent per passenger mile. Amtrak, on the other hand, gets a subsidy of more than eight cents per passenger mile. The closest rivals of railroad passengers in the subsidy game are fliers of private airplanes, who get about a nickel per passenger mile (see "Up in the Air, Junior Birdmen," *TNR*, January 13). Commercial airplanes, like private cars, just about pay their own way. Inter-city buses until 1975 actually paid more than their share of highway costs, by CBO's calculations. Since then, though, the bus industry has gotten its own little subsidy. In an effort to encourage more people to ride buses, Congress has exempted buses from federal gasoline taxes and from an excise tax that used to be collected on purchases of bus parts. This subsidy amounts to $50 to $100 million a year, still small potatoes by Amtrak's standards. Even with this new government help, bus subsidies amount to less than half a cent per passenger mile, or less than one-thirtieth of what Amtrak passengers get.

Amtrak's subsidy thus can't be justified on the grounds that its competitors in transportation get comparable assistance, or on grounds that it saves energy and reduces air pollution. Can it be defended on the basis that the people who ride Amtrak need or deserve financial assistance to afford it? Unfortunately not. Nearly two-thirds of Amtrak passengers come from households whose yearly income is $10,000 or more. Most are men, 88 percent are white, two-thirds are in white-collar professional and clerical jobs. The government's support of Amtrak in effect subsidizes the middle class. By comparison, bus passengers are more often poor, nonwhite, blue-collar, and either over 65 or under 18 (see "The Homely Sister," *TNR*, February 3). If any group of passengers deserves a subsidy on the basis of financial need, it is those who ride the bus, not those who take the train.

Most train buffs, like Wicker, also invoke the examples of Europe and Japan as a model for the US. It's a legitimate question on the surface: if they have good train service, why can't we? In the first place, the success of rail service in other countries is generally exaggerated. None of the passenger railroads in western Europe manage to break even, despite the general inferiority of European highways to our own, the relatively short distances between cities, and the high population density. The famous Japanese "bullet train" is claimed to be profitable, but one railroad expert says probably it only appears that way because of "accounting tricks." In any event, passenger trains make much more sense in densely populated countries like those in western Europe than they do here, where cities are separated by distances that are vast by European standards. The only section of the US that resembles Europe in this respect is the northeast corridor, which, by no coincidence, is Amtrak's most successful route. But even on the New York to Washington run, passenger fares cover only two-thirds of operating costs.

The sad truth is that Amtrak funds are a subsidy mostly to sentiment. There is no prospect that Amtrak will ever pay its own way, and only the dimmest hope that it will ever contribute enough in improved fuel efficiency and reduced pollution to justify maintaining it in anything resembling its present scope. Secretary Adams's plan for Amtrak represents a first step toward realism about train service. Even so, it doesn't go far enough. DOT has decided to continue service on a number of spectacularly unprofitable routes, like the Los Angeles to Seattle run, which last year lost $11 million in operating costs alone. Some of the routes in the new system are based more on political realities than economic sense. Nevada, for example, is the only state that will have *more* service after May 14 than it has now. Coincidentally, Nevada senator Howard Cannon is chairman of the Commerce Committee, which has to go along with the plan.

The fact that Amtrak attracts more than half of its riders in the northeast corridor suggests two things: first, that service there may very well be justified; and second, that service in the rest of the country probably isn't, except for some heavily-traveled routes, like those around Chicago and the one between Los Angeles and San Diego. Those of us who like to ride the train, and those of us who simply like to have them around just in case we ever want to, should recognize, however reluctantly, that our little subsidy is no more

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defensible than those that go to Lockheed or US Steel. For the sort of people who ride trains, Amtrak is a welcome and unaccustomed opportunity to dip into the federal trough. But for almost everyone else, Amtrak serves only to give a new meaning to what Thoreau said: "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us."

Cultural Imperialism

Cities across the country, under financial strain, are being forced to cut back on amenities. Libraries close early and stop buying books. Parks deteriorate. Museums shut wings, raise admission charges, "deaccession" works of art. Fortunately, we here in Washington face no such annoyances. Our magnificent parks and our fine zoo are maintained to the highest standards. We have the best research library in the country, now adapting itself to the computer age. Our strings of great museums are open long hours, free of charge; and our two rival emperors—J. Carter Brown of the National Gallery and S. Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian (or is it the other way around?) are pursuing ambitious expansion plans.

Best of all, the rest of you graciously pay almost all the cost of providing us these diversions from the wearisome burdens of rule. All these traditional city services are paid for here in the nation's capital by the federal government. How can we ever thank you?

The National Portrait Gallery, a relatively recent (1962) accretion onto the Smithsonian Institution, has found a way. For 103 years, Gilbert Stuart's portraits of George and Martha Washington have hung in the rotunda of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The National Portrait Gallery proposes to buy these paintings for five million of your kindly provided dollars, and move them to Washington. The paintings have been on permanent loan to the MFA from that New England anomaly, the Boston Atheneum, an independent research library. The government is rapidly putting such private cultural institutions out of business by running an economy that makes their endowments worthless. The Atheneum desperately needs cash and the Boston Museum, lacking easy access to the federal till, cannot match the Smithsonian's offer.

Keeping these portraits available to the public is a sensible reason for spending public money. But is it sensible to require that they be moved from Boston to Washington in the process? The only strong argument for having the Stuart portraits here in Washington is that Washington gets more tourists, so more people from around the country will be able to see them here. But it's not at all clear that more people would see the paintings here in Washington. The Boston Museum had almost 900,000 visitors last year, while the National Portrait Gallery had only half a million. The stars of the Boston collection would be just one more possible stop among dozens of tourist attractions in Washington, and might well be overlooked.

The same argument made for snatching the Stuart portraits could be used to justify moving the Alamo from Texas, and indeed raiding all the regions of the country of their best stuff in order to display it all in the imperial depositories along the Mall. The Smithsonian should curb its appetite. People should not have to travel to Washington to see their tax money being spent.

White House Watch

Treaty Push II

The Carter administration continues at this writing on April 11 to organize an elaborate system aimed at popular and congressional support for a strategic arms limitation or SALT treaty on the assumption that we are going to have a treaty tomorrow or next week or at the latest next month. This has been going on since March 24, 1977, when the President at a press conference gave every sign of believing that the Soviet Union would accept "actual reductions for a change" in the existing levels of nuclear and related strategic armaments instead of the limited restraints agreed to with Richard Nixon in Moscow in 1972 and with Gerald Ford at Vladivostok in 1974. Leonid Brezhnev personally and insultingly rejected Carter's 1977 attempt to transform the Nixon-Ford agreements into something far beyond what the US and Soviet bargainers had intended. Both parties have been struggling ever since to dig out of the resultant morass. The history of the Carter effort to organize support for a treaty that has yet to happen reflects the ups and downs of the SALT negotiations and, in the current phase, the high hope at the White House and the State Department that a treaty at last is close to agreement and to signing at a summit meeting between Carter and Brezhnev. Beyond that, the story of the support effort provides insight into how this administration and this President calculate and operate.

For a while in March and April 1977, even after the first Soviet rebuff to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance in Moscow, responsible White House assistants and members of Congress dismissed the difficulties and thought the Carter vision was about to be fulfilled. Senator Alan Cranston of California was often seen at that time in the office of Hamilton Jordan, Carter's

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unacknowledged chief assistant, discussing how to get an impending treaty through the Senate. Cranston and 20 other senators in a SALT study group are still regarded at the White House and State Department as the administration's core of Senate support, although most of them sensibly reserve a final commitment until they have seen an agreed treaty draft. They have undertaken to be as well informed on the treaty negotiations and the complex issues involved as are Senator Henry Jackson of Washington state, his man Richard Pearl, and the formidable bloc of senators associated with Jackson who threaten to oppose ratification on grounds ranging from doubt to outright opposition. More power to Cranston and the 21, I say. If we get a ratified treaty, we'll be in their debt.

In that 1977 dream time the White House, State Department, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and other people mobilizing support, assumed for a brief period that the SALT campaign would be a warm-up for the battle for ratification of the two treaties, then still in final negotiation, turning the Panama Canal back to Panama's control. The campaign to mobilize support for Panama treaty ratification turned out to be a model for the SALT ratification effort. It is a less perfect model than is realized at the White House. The Panama treaties were ratified by a margin of two votes. What made the margin possible, White House and State Department illusions to the contrary, was not the enormous program of citizens groups briefed at the White House by the President and related support activities. Ratification was made possible by the President's reluctant acceptance of a Senate reservation that validates US military intervention in Panama after the treaty takes full effect, if in the US government's judgment intervention is necessary for US national security. Without that concession to Senate aborigines, the massive mobilization of public support would have been futile. From assistants to senators who favor the SALT concept and hope to support the submitted treaty, one hears an echo of the Panama experience. Mobilizing public sentiment is fine; it makes support of a SALT treaty easier; but what ultimately will count are the wisdom and adroitness of Carter and his people in adjusting to the realities of the SALT debate as it develops after a treaty is submitted.

Before we get into the White House, State Department and related SALT support effort, further reference to the Panama treaty campaign is relevant. A citizens' organization called the Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties was formed at direct White House initiative. Carter was host at a preliminary White House luncheon for some 100 prospective committeemen and treaty supporters. Lee Kling, perennial associate of Carter counsellor Robert Strauss, and John O. Marsh Jr., a Republican lawyer and assistant to Vice President and President Gerald Ford, ran the committee. Hamilton Jordan asked Ford to ask Marsh to take on the chore. A young professor of history named George Moffett joined the treaty committee staff and was judged to be its most effective member. Moffett now works at the White House for Hamilton Jordan's chief deputy, Landon Butler, who under Jordan runs the SALT support campaign. Jordan, Butler and other officials involved in the campaign insist that nobody at the White House or State Department initiated the establishment of a citizen's organization called Americans for Salt in the way that the Panama citizens committee was initiated. Clark Clifford, an attorney who is the master and personification of the practice of influence law in Washington and occasionally consults with Carter in utmost privacy, is acknowledged at the White House to be the hind-scenes founder of Americans for Salt. He is one of its six co-chairmen. Two distinguished servants of past administrations, defense official and author Townsend Hoopes and retired diplomat Charles Yost, are its executive co-chairmen. Jordan, Butler and State Department counsel Matthew Nimetz, who organized and oversees State's SALT support effort, are so conscious of the legal limitations upon White House and other official solicitation that they discuss Americans for Salt with wary reluctance. It's been functioning since last August, it's underfunded and understaffed, and it is considered at the White House to be potentially very useful. It can solicit private funds and lobby in a fashion that federal officials can't or shouldn't. It is not inhibited by the divided commitments—for SALT but against all weapons development, for instance—that many organizations devoted to arms limitation suffer from. Holmes Brown, the director of Americans for Salt's staff of seven including himself, says its sole interest is SALT and that it will go out of business when a treaty is ratified or rejected.

Secretary Vance instructed Matthew Nimetz in January 1978—one of the several times when a treaty was believed to be imminent—to coordinate the Department's pre-treaty support efforts. Nimetz (a son of World War II admiral Chester Nimetz) discovered that State, White House, ACDA and Defense statements were often contradictory, confusing and comforting to the Soviets. He also discovered that in early 1978 the Department didn't have a single unclassified document discussing and explaining the SALT problem. It took him four months to clear a simple, forthright primer on "The SALT Process" with State, ACDA, DOD and NSC at the White House. Now there are several such documents, all loaded for the administration policy but in my reading accurate and fair in their assertions of fact and analysis of the immensely complex questions involved. Nimetz oversees a panel of some 60 speakers, mostly drawn from the Department's Soviet, political-military and related specialists, who are available for lectures, group seminars and the like. There have been over 1000

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appearances of one sort and another since last summer. Nimetz says that there has not been a single complaint of error or distortion in his speakers' presentations. Their major assignment—the central purpose of the whole exercise at this pre-treaty stage—is not to ask outright commitment to something still in negotiation. It is to ask citizens to make themselves familiar with the basic issues and withhold judgment.

Overseeing it all is Hamilton Jordan. He's been more or less in charge since 1977. Carter formalized his oversight responsibility last November when it was expected at the White House that SALT, China normalization and an Israel-Egypt treaty would materialize in the triumphant December that didn't happen. Every Monday at 3 p.m., assuming that the Mideast or a Carter vacation or some other distraction has not interfered, Jordan meets at the White House with a core group including State's deputy secretary Warren Christopher, DOD's deputy secretary Charles Duncan, a deputy for ACDA's recently ailing General George Seignious, and such White House staffers as Butler, Anne Wexler, lobbyists Frank Moore and Robert Beckel, and NSC's little-known but important SALT guru, Roger Molander. Image engineer Gerald Rafshoon and Press Secretary Jody Powell are usually present. Jordan's declared purpose is to keep them and their associates focused on what he and the President consider to be the determining issue—whether a SALT treaty of the kind supposed to be near completion will or won't be good for the United States. They think it will be. So, for what it's worth, do I.

John Osborne

"Academic humanists" confront "standards and practices" over "American values."

The Horny Dialogues

Not long ago I was present at an assessment, more or less sober, of an historic first in the life of American television. I sat with some ABC people and an assortment of "Academic Humanists" in front of a television monitor in Princeton to consider—among other items—a clip for a forthcoming episode of the program called "Soap." We were told that this episode would venture into new territory—I almost wrote virgin territory—by showing, for the first time on American television, a group of women (a mother and her daughters) talking at length about their sexual feelings, and in doing so making use of the word "horny." The historic lines, for the record, went as follows: "I don't think you're depressed, Ma. I think you're horny," and, "If we weren't so horny we wouldn't be eating so much."

The scene, in which the women were eating greedily while talking at length, had not yet been shown to the waiting millions. Whether it should be shown at all was an issue so grave, we were told, that it had been taken "all the way to the top ABC management." The scene had been shown on closed circuit to the major stations with mixed results. Boston and New York thought they could handle it, but Providence had "great trepidation," and Orlando and Dallas felt they should preface the program with an "advisory"—a warning to viewers that they might be venturing into deeper waters than their sensibilities could manage.

The humanists—Charles Frankel, Benjamin DeMott, Herbert Gutman and others—had been brought together with a matching team from ABC for the task of assessing this scene and some others. The occasion had been put together for the network by a consulting firm that trades in its expertise about "American Values." We were to find these values in, or apply them to, or perhaps contrast them with, scenes like that horny table discussion in "Soap."

Our opposite numbers from ABC came from the division of "Standards and Practices." Understandably, the members of that division prefer to be called "editors" rather than "censors," which is a much nastier word in our time than "horny." The Standards and Practices division is divided into East Coast and West Coast. In between these two potent coasts there stretches that inconvenient but necessary middle, the vast American wheat field of television aerials, containing not only "households" to be "delivered" but also—alas for ABC—indignant parents; sensitive pressure groups; preachers, schoolmarms and priests; conventional folk who might be unsettled, for example, by an extended mother-daughter discussion (I refer again to the scene in "Soap") about whether one likes to do "it" better in the bedroom or in other places. ABC West Coast had flown all the way across this profitable but troublesome expanse to join ABC East Coast to talk about such problems with some professors at the Princeton Nassau Inn.

The members of this seminar were shown bits and pieces of some "docu-dramas," the dubious genre in which historical events are sweetened to the taste of catastrophically immense audiences by additives of fiction. The worst of the lot was "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," the Ehrlichman-Nixon mélange in which you not only couldn't tell where the facts about Nixon left off and Ehrlichman's novel began; you couldn't even tell where Ehrlichman's fiction left off and ABC's further elaboration began—including, in a curious circle, non-Ehrlichman echoes of the actual Nixon!

We saw scenes from the original "Roots." One scene

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had been so restricted by the editors, we were told, that the writer cried out in artistic pain, "Nobody's even goin' to know she's bein' *raped*!" Another scene, of an African village, showed a bare-breasted woman in the background. Negotiation resulted in the conclusion that this sort of thing would be "acceptable" if it were done in a *National Geographic* way—if it were not "salacious." That is, if they didn't seek out and hire the biggest-breasted black woman in Savannah, Georgia, where the scene actually was shot. To the complaint that they would not have shown a bare-breasted *white* woman the network had answered—one might guess even eagerly—"show us a culture where that is the norm and we *will*." In a scene showing the whipping of Kunta Kinte, the writer complained that he'd written 20 lashes and had been reduced all the way down to four. Arduous diplomacy had resulted in a compromise: seven lashes.

We saw some further scenes from "Soap," including exchanges between the homosexual son and his mother ("He looks better in that dress than *I* do;" "Don't you remember, Mother, when we were starting to shave, he shaved his face and I shaved my legs?"); scenes from "Three's Company," about a young man and woman posing for centerfolds ("*Naked* is dirty, *nude* is art") and from two made-for-TV movies—"Secrets," about a nymphomaniac aroused to open-mouthed yearning by a piano tuner's piano tuning, and "Little Ladies of the Night," a treatment of teenage prostitution.

Most of the unconscious comedy of the meeting in the Nassau Inn was provided by us professors, coming out of our tenured shelters with categories and sensibilities that didn't fit the problem at hand. "It's not my kind of program," said one of the English professors, about "Soap," with beautiful ingenuousness, "but there may be people who watch it." ABC West Coast sitting next to me murmured, laughing, "A few!"

When the ABC vice president was pressed to explain why "docu-dramas" are necessary, these two ships of culture—the TV people and the university people—once again passed in the night. "We made straight documentaries," he said, "and got just three to five million people. That was it. *Nobody* watched." A scholar hoping his book will sell 3000 copies may find three to five million people a curious definition of "nobody."

The humanists noted, gently, that for all its good intentions the clips from "Roots" were loaded with a thousand simplicities, a hundred factual and conceptual errors. For example, they didn't *have* barbed wire back then. Did the network consult historians and other professional advisers? Does it maintain a checking department, as do some magazines whose circulation, by network standards, would fall far under the "nobody" line? No, it seems not. "We were dealing," said West Coast, "with Alex Haley, an intellectual person representing his race." Haley was the historian, the adviser, the checking department. "Nobody told me," said the ABC vice president, "that Alex Haley wasn't a good historian."

Well then, for the future, if you are going to make a "docu-drama" about Dwight Eisenhower, why in the world begin with Kay Summersby's book? Aren't there serious historians working on Eisenhower's career? Questions like these drew a look of disdain at such innocence. There was also the rather transparent mumbled argument that it is important to "show the humanity" of our heroes. Showing Ike's humanity, however, was complicated by the slightly delicate point that Mrs. Eisenhower is still alive. A subtle project in diplomacy, including conversations with John Eisenhower, resulted in this compromise: Kay remains, but "no touching." The point we academics have to understand, however, was put forcefully by the vice president: "You can't put a *textbook* on the air. . . . There must be a *story*. "Story," we learned, means sex. "Action" means violence.

William Lee Miller

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A gentle people under stress.

Frayed Thais

Bangkok

The Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia has given the Thais an acute case of political jitters, which will not settle down until it is clear what is going to happen in that neighboring country. The Pol Pot guerrilla resistance movement in Cambodia continues on two fronts: against the Vietnamese occupying troops and the Heng Samrin puppet forces on the one hand, and against the Cambodian people on the other. The malodor of the Pol Pot government still penetrates the nostrils of "the international community" (that proper group which lives next door to "the intelligence community," hard by the suburbs of Respectability). Even Peking has trouble supporting such a notorious butcher. On March 29 Prince Norodom Sihanouk said flatly from Peking that he will no longer represent Pol Pot's government in any way. The Chinese are reliably reported to be looking for a way to wash their hands of their man in Cambodia. The solution will probably take the form of linking Mr. Pot to the "Gang of Four." Aside from Sihanouk, another prospective leader might be Ieng Sary, the foreign minister now in Peking, whose

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reputation the Vietnamese have done their best to besmirch by references to "The Pol Pot-Ieng Sary clique."

These general political drawing room facts and speculations take on the sweat and smell of the human debris that the January Vietnamese invasion of western Cambodia has pushed over the Thai border. There are about 8000 Cambodian post-April 1975 refugees in the well-established refugee camp at Aranyaprathet. On the refugee side, the head man is a former Lon Nol air force officer. The camp receives assistance from the Thai government and international refugee groups. Since January about 1800 newly arrived Cambodians have been assembled in a temporary camp called Wat Kok. Almost half are women and children. While I was there, five Pol Pot people in their traditional black pajamas arrived, four men and a woman. One of the men had an ugly shrapnel wound in his calf, protected by a dirty white towel. The flies buzzed about the wound and his purple foot in the 100-degree heat. Tension began to mount as other refugees recognized the faces of some of the Pol Pot men. The Thais decided to remove them to the safety of the police station. The wounded man, they said, would be taken to the hospital the next day.

With the Cambodian horror stories so well documented, one becomes hardened to the familiar tales. What else is new? In the dispensary I watched a Thai medical assistant treat the wounds of a savagely beaten Cambodian male, one of only two survivors from a nearby atrocity in a rice field. Pol Pot's bully boys had caught 18 men trying to escape. After the beatings, the victims' throats were cut. Two survived. The one I watched was stoic as the medic ran a disinfectant along the angled six-inch raw scar that somehow missed the jugular.

The Heng Samrin puppet defectors are also kept close by, but were not available for personal interrogation. I was told about one case, a member of the batallion guarding the other end of the bridge, a narrow bridge with a white board marker overhead in the middle, which marks the Thai-Cambodian border. On the other side, almost invisible in the high sun, was the Heng Samrin flag, a gold Angkor Wat on a red field. One can imagine seeing Malraux come panting over, clutching a stone Vishnu head, the constabulary in hot pursuit. This soldier had been motioning for some days to his Thai counterparts to indicate that he wanted to defect, but they had laughed nervously, thinking it was a provocation. (On March 5, in broad daylight, 300 Vietnamese regulars had assaulted the Thai border post, killing one Thai and wounding four. Bullet marks and chips of concrete now decorate the patrol box.) Anyway, the Cambodian finally came through the bamboo thicket that marks the border. "Every night I heard music and laughter from the Thai side," he was reported as saying. "I had not heard that for four years."

Thai politics are much more complicated than they were a few years ago at the height of the Vietnam war, when they were all-out anti-Communist. They early recognized Phnom Pehn (Pol Pot), and also Hanoi, Peking and, for a long time, Moscow, all players in the current power game in Southeast Asia. Because of geography, the Thais are in the point role for the Southeast Asian states attempting to resist the designs of the Vietnamese in Cambodia and, they suspect, beyond. The Thai prime minister, Kriangsak, who was in Washington in February, was in Moscow in late March. One thing General Kriangsak tried to do, with no apparent success, was to promote an international conference on Cambodia. The Soviets would prefer that the Thais and their ASEAN friends recognize Heng Samrin and legitimize the Vietnamese conquest. In a practical sense this would be the end of Cambodia; over time it would be hardly visible in the Indochina Federation, an extension of the Vietnam state.

During his year in office, Kriangsak has consolidated his political power at the expense of more conservative rivals. Elections on April 22 will reaffirm this. At the same time, the Vietnamese advance to the Thai border may do two unfortunate things: (a) create a conservative, defense-oriented surge that would divert funds into the military at the expense of rural development and the sputtering industrial base; and (b) by so doing, revitalize the always troublesome rural insurgency. The Chinese in Peking for years have given political, economic and military support to the Communist party of Thailand. With Vietnamese control of Laos and Cambodia, the Vietnamese will separate out the Chinese leadership and build a pro-Vietnamese front from the rank and file. There are about 60,000 Vietnamese refugees in Thailand, the flotsam of the 1954 French Indochina war, which the Thais had always considered a security threat. Their negotiations with Hanoi to repatriate this potential worry have produced agreements, but no results.

The Thais will recover from the Vietnamese shock. Careening down a narrow accident-ridden Thai highway at 110 kilometers per hour, one Thai officer mentioned to me that the People's Army of Vietnam was now only three hours away from Bangkok. Even though the land is flat and hard to defend, I reassured him that it would take much longer by tank. Nevertheless, an international settlement of the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia (restoring neutral genuine Cambodian leadership) would do a good deal to tamp down Thai anxieties, protect American long-term security interests and reestablish the sense of sanctity for nations, particularly small nations which deserve a better fate. There is, however, a Cambodian saying that the Cambodians will fight among themselves until all who remain can sit in the shade of a single tree.

Robert J. Myers

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Life has turned grim since Peru became a ward of the international banking system.

The World's Biggest Deadbeat

by Stephen Kinzer

In the early morning of October 3, 1968, a column of tanks surrounded the Palace of Pizarro in Lima. A group of soldiers entered the official residence, roused their sleeping president, and whisked him to the airport, still clad in pajamas, for his flight into enforced exile. Peru thus became one of many Latin American nations to fall under military rule during the 1960s.

But the precise execution of the coup was the last "traditional" act for the restive, reform-minded officers who seized control of Peru that day. As soon as they consolidated power, they served notice that theirs was not another right-wing military movement, not a coup to protect the position of the oligarchy against the growing protests of the urban poor and the continuing deprivation of the rural Indians. Theirs would be a progressive military regime, they declared, dedicated primarily to social reform. Peru soon became the center of attention for politicians, scholars and activists from across Latin America. Peru's "new generals" proclaimed a "third way between capitalism and communism" which, many then thought, might mark a promising example for the future of the continent.

Today, Peru's ambitious revolution is a failure. There was some real progress in its early years, but the regime has been unable to harness the nation's resources, unable to mobilize its people and unable to set a clear path for itself. Even the generals themselves admit the failure. They are now preparing to abandon government to the very civilian politicians whose weakness and indecision they used to justify their coup. No one has a good word for the officers who once inspired their people and excited admiration around the world.

For the past year, Peru has been negotiating with private banks and the International Monetary Fund to head off the world's first major default by a sovereign nation. There was no cheering when the government announced agreement with the IMF late last year. The agreement rescued the country from the brink of default but also imposed very harsh austerity on the country, leading to popular unrest and consequent repression.

Peru's 1968 revolution was a response to the popular movements that were stirring throughout Latin America in the 1960s. In many countries, guerrillas encouraged by Castro's success in Cuba took to the hills in hopes of fomenting mass uprisings. In Peru itself, armed bands won considerable support in parts of the countryside, and soldiers sent to suppress them were moved by the wretched poverty that impelled people to revolt. Unlike in many Latin nations, most soldiers in Peru come from the lower classes. Joining the military is thought of as the most promising way for a talented boy from a poor family to rise above his family's social status.

The most interesting influence on the "new generals" was Peru's military academy, the Center for Higher Military Studies, where many officers were educated. Instead of stressing the conservative "national security" doctrine taught at the academies of most nearby countries, CAEM taught soldiers to believe in the "integral defense" of the nation, including the fight against "economic aggression" and "dependency." Future soldiers learned that when governments deny the rights of citizens, they are inviting insurrection, and that the role of the military is to keep the peace by avoiding such an insurrection—even if, it might be inferred, the only way to avoid it is to overthrow an unjust regime. Along with a growing fear of the guerrillas, and the special ambition that motivates soldiers to seize governments, this doctrine impelled General Juan Velasco Alvarado and eight colleagues in 1968 to move against the government of Peru's elected president, Fernando Belaunde Terry.

The keystone of Velasco's "revolutionary" program, as it must be in any genuinely progressive regime in Latin America, was land reform. With the cry "Peasant, the landlord will eat no more from your poverty," President Velasco launched a complicated but sweeping land reform campaign less than a year after taking power. He promised that all large estates would be broken up by 1975, and that goal was effectively met. But the land reform embittered many for whom there was no land available: nearly half the population of Peru derives its living from agriculture, but only three percent of the land is suitable for cultivation. Land reform did not cause serious drops in production, as in some other countries, but the peasants left without land felt betrayed; they staged marches and occupied some of the mid-sized estates that were exempted from expropriation.

The Velasco program, called "Plan Inca," also included nationalizing key industries; intense exploration for oil and other strategic resources; establishment of state domination over the economy through credit control and strict currency regulation; and creation of

Stephen Kinzer is a Boston writer who recently visited Latin America for *TNR*.

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one of the few effective national planning agencies to emerge in Latin America.

Expropriation of US-owned property and an early proclamation of a 200-mile fishing limit off its shores assured Peru of conflicts with the United States in the early 1970s. Velasco's declared determination to pursue an "independent foreign policy" did not sit well with Nixon aides. At one point it looked as though the US State Department might suspend all economic and military aid to Peru under the Hickenlooper amendment, which forbids such aid to countries that seize US assets, but the two countries never came to a decisive split.

In August 1975, Velasco was overthrown by a faction within his own military movement. He was replaced as president by General Francisco Morales Bermudez, who proclaimed his move a "revolution within the revolution." The new president publicly affirmed support for his predecessor's reforms, but he quietly began dismantling many of them. Industries were returned to private ownership, multinational corporations were invited back and brave experiments in worker management were terminated. Even more quickly than during the last years of Velasco, Peru became ensnared in the foreign debt trap that has threatened many developing countries.

A combination of bad luck and mismanagement has staggered the economy and apparently postponed the country's development ambitions indefinitely. Shortly after Peru's "revolutionary" government completed a major investment program to modernize its copper industry, the world price of copper plummeted, effectively destroying the anticipated market. A similar pattern followed in the world markets for Peru's major agricultural exports, sugar and cotton. An oil discovery in the Andes caused jubilation and led to the expenditure of a billion dollars for a Japanese-built pipeline, but the amount of oil actually being produced is far below expectations. What appears to be a major ecological change in the Pacific Ocean currents off Peru's coast has almost wiped out the lucrative anchovy trade, which once accounted for one-third of the country's export earnings. Huge purchases of foreign arms—$1.5 billion in 10 years—contributed to the disastrous economic jolt.

For help in its financial bind, Peru turned regularly to international agencies, primarily the IMF. In 1977, the IMF finally drew the line and refused to lend any more money to Peru unless strong austerity measures were imposed. The government resisted. Rather than accept the IMF conditions, the regime sought money from private US and European banks which were then actively seeking to unload "petrodollars" being deposited by newly-rich Arab states.

As Peru's debt grew larger and the prospects for repayment diminished, even private bankers stopped approving further loans. The IMF continued to demand devaluation of Peru's currency, severe cuts in public

map by Kenneth Grady

welfare programs and elimination of government subsidies for gasoline and basic foodstuffs. In July 1977, President Morales named a new finance minister who was distinguished not by his knowledge of economics, but rather by his command of the armored division based in Lima, where protests were certain to follow further increases in the cost of living. After tentative agreement was reached between Peru and the IMF, a long summer of riots and protest left more than 20 people dead and, during a two-day national strike, brought the economy to a halt.

The violence did not end with the first agreement. Last May 15, in response to IMF demands, prices were doubled on fuel, public transportation, milk and bread, and other vital goods and services. This came on top of 70 percent inflation over the previous year. Nine people were killed during a subsequent general strike. Protests against increased bus fares also caused several deaths when police opened fire on demonstrators. Strikes and protests have continued regularly, and Peru has been under states of emergency for most of the last two years, during which liberties such as press freedom have been curtailed. Some protests, like the massive strike of 135,000 teachers and nurses last summer, have won their demands for higher wages and better working conditions. Others, like last August's walkout by Peru's 48,000 copper miners, have been met instead with repression of varying severity. Through all this instability, which has been accompanied at every turn by government shakeups, rumors of coups and even

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invasions—from Brazil, Ecuador or Chile, depending on whom one asks—have been rampant.

The decision of Peru's ruling officers to capitulate to the IMF was inevitable, given the government's foreign debts. Peruvians must now adjust to life in a country that has become a ward of the international banking system. Most poor and unemployed Peruvians—many of whom are migrating to the increasingly squalid capital—are, according to a social worker in Lima, "moving from malnutrition to the brink of starvation." One child dies of malnutrition in Peru every eight minutes. The economic shock treatment forced upon the country by foreign bankers—or, as some might say, by the failure of Peru's own leaders—has had an immediate, tangible effect on the lives of many Peruvians, especially the poor and the small entrepreneurs.

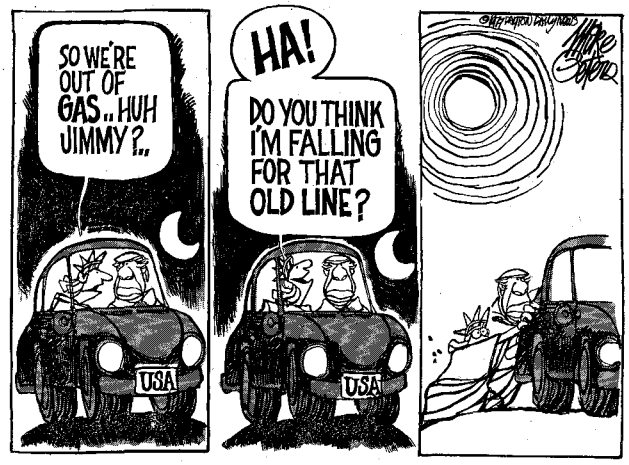
Peru's foreign debt now totals $8.2 billion, nearly half of it to private banks. This amounts to more than $600 for every Peruvian citizen. Without the IMF-sponsored "renegotiation," Peru would have been required to pay more than two-thirds of this year's export earnings for debt repayment, a situation that would almost certainly have led to default. Manuel Moreya, the new president of Peru's national bank, believes the country "will be able to manage" despite the domestic turmoil caused by the IMF restrictions. He indicated that Peru will not have to spend more than 35 percent of its foreign earnings as debt repayment in any one year, though other projections show that the figure will exceed 45 percent in 1980.

In the midst of these convulsions and faced with mounting public discontent, Peru's ruling generals announced in July 1977 that elections would be held the following year for a constituent assembly charged with writing a new constitution and preparing the way for return to civilian rule. The balloting finally took place last July, when 100 deputies were chosen in the first national election since 1966. The results hold no great promise for those who look forward to an invigorated civilian government.

Two Peruvian activists emerged as winners. One is Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, the grand old man of Peru and one of the most durable politicians on a continent noted for old faces in government. Now 84, Haya has run for president six times. On occasions when it looked as though he might win, military coups kept him from office; other times popular rejection had the same effect. Haya's party, known universally as APRA, is the largest and oldest in Peru and was founded with a distinct leftist, anti-imperialist stance in 1924. Since then, following its unpredictable, often demagogic and increasingly conservative leader, it has taken a series of twists and turns that have led it far from its original radicalism. The only consistent thread in APRA's history has been Haya's ambition to become president. Last year he was still talking of running again. But Haya faces opposition from within his own party and has recently been taken ill, so his influence over Peru may finally be ebbing. APRA won 37 of the 100 seats in the assembly and managed to have Haya elected its presiding officer. In informal coalition with conservative parties, APRA commands a solid majority.

Another uncertain leader is Hugo Blanco, Peru's most famous revolutionary. He is often described as the Peruvian Che Guevara, to whom he bears a distinct physical resemblance. Blanco is from the mountainous region around Cuzco, where he has widespread support among miners and peasants and a long history of enmity toward the Lima government. During the 1960s, he led several guerrilla attacks in an attempt to stir revolution, and has spent many years in prison and exile. Blanco forged a coalition of leftist groups and led a slate called FOCEP as a candidate for deputy to the assembly. Blanco's election was not unexpected, though his large support (while he was still in exile) surprised many officials. Eleven other FOCEP candidates also were elected, making it the third strongest group in the assembly; with other leftist deputies and factions, they can muster about 30 votes. The radical FOCEP platform advocates repudiation of the foreign debt, withdrawal from the Organization of American States, and dissolution of the existing police and military forces. Blanco's electoral success comes despite his absence from the country, a virtual ban on campaign propaganda by the left and a literacy requirement for voters, all measures intended to weaken his support. But many Peruvian liberals are disillusioned with Blanco because of his refusal to compromise his dogmatic Trotskyist line for the sake of creating a left/liberal coalition that Peru has not seen since the early days of APRA. He has apparently lost enough potential support among urban liberals so that his only hope to reach national leadership may be revolution—the means he has always favored.

The Peruvian constitution is due to be issued within a few months, and elections are scheduled in October. APRA is expected to form a coalition of moderate and conservative parties that should win easily if it can hold together. Since it is generally conceded that the ailing Haya will not be able to lead the ticket, jockeying for the



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presidential nomination is underway. The front-runner appears to be veteran APRA operative Armando Villanueva, who is considered part of APRA's liberal wing.

Among the peoples of the world, Peruvians have as much right as most to feel bitter and angry at their government, and at the international forces and institutions that now govern their lives. They exercise this right, displaying a deep cynicism about politics and the very future of Peru. Public unrest continues; the government is universally unpopular. Some suggest gloomily that Peru is destined only for a continuing cycle of inept and corrupt civilian governments followed by equally inept and more repressive military dictatorships. Poverty has spread dramatically, and even middle-class families are feeling the crunch as loans have become virtually unavailable and consumer demand has plummeted. Many want to leave the country, but are discouraged by severe restrictions on travel and currency transfers. Many Peruvians are especially bitter because of the high hopes they had for their "different" military coup a decade ago.

Zionist extremists who want to prevent Jews and Arabs from living in peace.

Mad Settlers on the West Bank

By Amos Elon

The narrow road from Bethlehem to Hebron winds through the hills. Traffic is scarce and slow. A few miles north of Hebron there is an army roadblock. Soldiers in heavy, wet overcoats carefully pick through the contents of a small delivery truck, searching for hidden weapons. The Arab driver is waiting by the roadside. A young soldier glances briefly at us, and waves us on impatiently.

"Go ahead, go ahead!"

"Say, how do you know whose face is what?"

"It's simple," he shoots back. "Those who have Jewish eyes, we know are Arabs." It sounds rehearsed, too quick and mechanical. Others must have posed this question before.

At the outskirts of Hebron, the minarets and stone houses of the city become visible. A road sign in Arabic and English: *Welcome to Hebron*. Then another sign, in Hebrew only: *Left turn to Kiryat Arba*. Kiryat Arba is the new Jewish settlement above the old city of Hebron, established in the night by right-wing squatters soon after the 1967 war, against the wishes of the Israeli government of the time. The settlement—it is really an urban suburb—has since been endorsed and heavily financed by successive administrations. The left turn off the Hebron road is a new four-lane road circling around old Hebron through the hills on the east. After a mile or so the road reaches the edge of a broad valley covered with vineyards. Across the valley—the unexpected view hits you suddenly upon a turn in the road—the massive block of concrete that is Kiryat Arba rises on the steep hill. At first sight the bright mass of square, squat blocks of apartment houses strikes you dumb with its ugliness. It is surrounded by barbed wire fences, armed guards, searchlights on high poles and prefabricated fiberglass watchtowers. Even one accustomed to other bleak new housing estates on the outskirts of Jerusalem will likely be appalled by this sight. It is hard and bleak, its architecture somewhere between the Maginot Line and a concentration camp. Its lines are sharp and angular, heavy and vertical, alien and brutal in this landscape of soft, undulating hills, which we once called "biblical" and pretended to love, of small farmhouses in rose-colored, hand-hewn stone, olive trees and almonds and terraced, plowed, brown earth and flocks of sheep and vineyards.

Almost 11 years have passed since Rabbi Moshe Levinger and his followers of the extreme right-wing "Greater Israel Movement" first arrived at the Hebron Park Hotel, posing as Swiss tourists, then refused to leave until the government agreed to house them temporarily in an army barrack, pending their request for permanent housing in Hebron. The official historian of Kiryat Arba, Mr. Moshe Mayevsky, writing a booklet published last year with government funds, compared the occupation of the hotel to the acquisition of the Cave of the *Machpela* by Abraham (Genesis 23:9-16). As Abraham paid its owner the full price for the Cave, Mr. Mayevsky writes, so the settlers

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Amos Elon is a columnist for Israel's leading liberal daily *Haaretz* and the author of *Herzl* (Holt, Rinehart), a biography of the founder of modern Zionism.

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paid the hotel owner his one dollar a night per room (70 cents for each additional folding bed), in keeping with the Talmudic saying, "The deeds of the fathers are a model for the sons."

"The uniqueness of Hebron," Mr. Mayevsky writes, "is its spiritual essence, rooted in the dawn of our national history. The acquisition of the Land of Israel, in its practical sense, first took place here." The first Hebrew came to Hebron in the late Bronze Age, 800 years before King David, and acquired the *Machpela* from Ephron the Hittite for 400 shekels of silver to use as a burial cave, as is recorded in the Bible. With this title in one hand and a submachine gun in the other, the activists of the Greater Israel Movement have been pushing their way in here for 11 years now, first without, then with the tacit, nowadays with the active, support of the Israeli government. They are a mixed lot of secular settlers and ultra-orthodox disciples of the fanatic Rabbi Yehuda Zvi Kook of Jerusalem who has proclaimed that the Kingdom of God is now being established in the Land of Israel by the bayonets of the Israeli army.

There are also a few dozen new immigrants from Russia here now, and a handful of Americans. One recent settler is Rabbi Meir Kahane of the Jewish Defense League. He has just rented a subsidized three-room flat in Kiryat Arba for $48 a month. The housewarming party he gave was covered by the press. Kahane used the occasion to deliver a fiery sermon on the theme, "Oh, God—throw thy wrath upon the *goyim* who deny thy Name." The meaning of this, he said, was that all the Arabs in the Land must promptly be expelled. "Otherwise," he added, "we shall become like Northern Ireland."

At the entrance to Kiryat Arba, an armed guard stops the car and asks for ID cards. Beyond the barbed wire gate the road rises steeply into a densely built-up area. There are very few people about. How many are living here today? Nobody knows exactly. There are conflicting claims: 850 government-built apartments, according to one version; 550 are said to be actually occupied, the rest vacant. Others say there are only 400. A year ago, the housing ministry officially estimated the population to be 1800 souls. No doubt there are many more here now. At least 100 apartments have been sold or rented recently to commuters working in Jerusalem, where housing is not subsidized as it is here and flats sell and rent for five times as much. Jerusalem is about 40 minutes away by car. There is a small industrial park in Kiryat Arba which employs about 100 workers, two-thirds of whom are Arabs from neighboring Hebron. Some say as many as 70 percent of all working residents of Kiryat Arba commute daily to Jerusalem.

Kiryat Arba has served as a model and source of inspiration to the many semi-official, unofficial and wild settlements in the occupied territories during the past decade. Of course these illegal settlements are not the only Jewish settlements in the West Bank. There

map by Kenneth Grady

are other settlements, generally sponsored by the socialist collectives and approved by the government in response to genuine security needs. They are in unpopulated areas, rather than being inserted into established Arab communities.

Among the illegal squatter settlements, the pattern of Kiryat Arba has often been copied. The four basic stages first successfully tried out here have been:

1. *A fact is established.* Squatters arrive surreptitiously on the scene, against strict orders of the area military governor, but aided nevertheless, openly or obliquely, by powerful politicians within or outside the government coalition.

2. *Compromise.* The squatters agree to vacate whatever spot they have occupied and settle "temporarily" in an adjacent military compound "until review of their case by the authorities." They continue to be financially supported by nameless benefactors in Israel proper, and some commute daily to work in a nearby city. Arguments and squabbles, some violent, persist between the settlers and the army over the construction of permanent structures within the compound, first for schools or kindergarten, then for housing and home industries. The military authorities invariably give in. Meanwhile in Jerusalem, political pressures intensify to make the temporary permanent.

3. *Closure.* The government, which first claimed to oppose the settlement, now gives in to these pressures. A large tract of land near the original squatting site is first "closed" and then legally "seized" under the still prevailing British Emergency Regulations. The reason given for the seizure is "public security." It is not yet

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officially expropriated; therefore its Arab owners are not yet entitled to compensation. The tract is fenced in and bulldozed, usually by the army.

4. *Building.* Land seized for "security reasons" is turned over to the Housing Ministry, which begins to build apartment houses and lays the groundwork for an industrial park. The building workers are usually local Arabs. The settlers move into their new homes. Government grants and inexpensive long-term loans help to establish a few small workshops.

Each of these four stages is always accompanied by furious public outrage, accusation and counter-accusations. Often the settlers clash with the police, or with the local Arabs; the violence is invariably justified by claims of high idealism. In the absence of a clear-cut government policy, at least until Mr. Begin's rise to power in 1977, it was never easy at any stage to foresee the next stage with any degree of certainty. In retrospect it seems that Kiryat Arba—where about $50 million of tax money has so far been invested—was established, like the British Empire, "in a fit of absence of mind."

The first formal decision, by the Levi Eshkol government in 1968, allowing the squatters of the Park Hotel to settle "temporarily" in the military governor's compound, clearly stipulated government aid only for the establishment of a "rabbinical seminary" somewhere in ancient Hebron, where such seminaries had existed until 1929. The government resolution stated explicitly that this was by no means a permission "to build a Jewish city (or suburb) at Hebron" nor to "establish a factory or workshops."

Privately, Eshkol and some of his colleagues, including Moshe Dayan, referred to the Park Hotel squatters as "religious nuts" and "crazy fanatics." It was not considered likely that many would remain, in the discomfort of a military barrack, lacking housing and a means of livelihood. When the first limited government-financed housing began, most ministers were still opposed in theory to settling the occupied territories. They were convinced that Kiryat Arba would be a temporary affair, "to keep the right wing quiet." Politicians always pretend they foresee, even program the future. But politics in this country, as elsewhere, is never a set piece, but rather a *commedia dell'arte*, a farce in which the actors are continuously improvising on the text. In the case of Kiryat Arba the actors quickly threw away the text completely.

A principal actor in the Kiryat Arba farce is Elyakim Haezni, 54. Twenty-five years ago, as a law student at Hebrew University, he founded a group of "Citizen Vigilantes," to fight against "public corruption." His style of mudslinging without adequate proof caused great public controversy. Haezni's semi-clandestine organization faltered after a while, following a sensational libel suit. He finished his studies. He became a successful Tel Aviv lawyer, bought himself a fine house in a garden suburb. During the 1967 war he experienced, he says, "an electric shock" that "changed my entire life." Ever since, he exclaims, "I am running amok."

"Zionism is a great adventure," he cries. "A trapeze act!" A thoroughly secular man, Haezni joined up with ultra-orthodox Rabbi Moshe Levinger in 1968, during Levinger's first "squat" at the Hebron Park Hotel. Haezni became Levinger's "legal adviser." In 1971, he leased his villa near Tel Aviv and moved to Kiryat Arba. He liquidated his Tel Aviv law practice. "Eighty percent of my time is now devoted to fighting the peace agreements" and "Begin's autonomy plan" for the occupied West Bank. "It's all a question of feeling," he says. "Don't think it's only brains! What do you think we are doing in this country in the first place . . . it's all based on feelings . . . I can't explain them. For me it's like *The St. Matthew Passion*." As he speaks a strange light flickers through his eyes and he clutches and unclutches his fingers in short, nervous movements. He does not really talk. He gives speeches as he walks back and forth in his small living room.

In 1954, he cries, he was being persecuted by the Israeli secret service for his exposure of corruption in high places. His wife "was fired from her job." At that time he had been animated by the dream of "a small Israel, a miniature state, but perfect in every way, with a nice flower pot in every window, like Switzerland." He now knows that even had his fight at that time fully succeeded, "the people of Israel would not have found its salvation. What?! You think Jews can be content to just put up another Sweden here, and get drunk on alcohol? Not on your life!" Haezni since 1967 prefers another form of intoxication, "much more glorious," he says. In the "small pre-1967 Israel," he now says, "I was miserable." In the new Greater Israel, with Kiryat Arba as its centerpiece, "I am a deliriously happy man."

"The land is *here*, in Kiryat Arba, not in Tel Aviv!" he cries, and rushes back from the window to his armchair under a large crude oil painting of King David playing the harp. "Secure borders? Baloney! Kiryat Arba does not exist to defend Tel Aviv against Arab attack, but the other way around. Tel Aviv exists to protect Kiryat Arba. We haven't built Kiryat Arba for security reasons. Nor for peace. But to realize Zionism. That's it. Full stop. Period."

Haezni claims that the Arabs of Hebron "warmly welcome our presence here." He is convinced of that. "The Arabs simply can't understand the demented minds of some Israeli Jews who insist that we keep from doing here what every healthy people would be doing, what they themselves would have done if they were in our shoes. Instead, by limiting our presence, we act as though we were our own worst enemies. Our worst enemies, did you hear me? That's it. Full stop. Period."

True, there is scarcely any contact between the settlers and the Arabs of Hebron, he admits. Why? "Well, there's been some narrow-mindedness among us

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here lately. We have our fanatics." There has been a falling out recently between Haezni and Rabbi Levinger. Haezni has publicly threatened to set up an independent Jewish militia in Hebron—like the Christian militia in southern Lebanon—to fight Begin's autonomy plans for Arab Hebron. "Yes, Sir, we are going to patrol Arab Hebron. We won't permit an Arab autonomy here. I can do better than the Christian militia in Lebanon." Levinger is embarrassed by these threats. It is odd to hear one fanatic call another fanatic a fanatic.

At sunset every day, about two dozen Jewish men begin evening prayers in the main hall of the great Moslem mosque of Hebron, the *Haram al Chalil*. The mosque is built around what has traditionally been regarded as the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their wives, and has been a Moslem shrine since the seventh century. The two dozen praying Jews huddle around a great stone block, said to be directly above the tomb of Rebecca, the wife of Isaac. The stone is only a few steps away from the richly decorated Moslem *Minbar* and *Mikhrab*, where at this same time, about 30 Moslems crouch in prayer on dark Persian carpets. The two groups eye each other warily. Surrounding the huge stone block where the Jews are praying, a dozen or so Israeli soldiers stand in a circle, wearing their battle fatigues and armed with submachine guns. An officer briefs a distant command post through his little walkie-talkie.

"Lord of hosts, how beloved is thy dwelling." The fervent cries echo through the huge, vaulted chamber. But the Moslems, a few steps away, will not be outcried in their own mosque. Their cries ring forth, drowning out those of the Jews. "Allah, the Merciful, the Only. . . ." The soldiers stand frozen between them.

After the praying Jews say Amen, they withdraw to an adjacent hall, commonly called the "Tent of Abraham and Sarah." This is a Moslem chapel built 500 years ago. The Torah scrolls are now permanently housed here, under the rich Moslem decor. In the main hall of the mosque behind, the Moslems continue in their prayer. The soldiers have withdrawn.

"The prayers were simultaneous." I make this remark rather offhandedly to one of the rabbinical students who are gathering in the smaller room.

"Did you say prayer? They weren't really praying," he says. "Just quoting a text. To annoy us."

"Oh, let them bark," says another.

"But they were kneeling," I say, "and touching the carpet with their foreheads by the Minrab in the mosque."

"What mosque?" says the first scholar sharply. "There is no mosque here. This is a synagogue. It's ours."

Through a side door there approaches a slim man, dressed in an old raincoat. He marches straight through the little chapel and passes into the main hall of the mosque. This is Rabbi Moshe Levinger, the public image of Kiryat Arba. Everyone in Israel has seen him a hundred times on television, picketing the prime minister's office, speaking at the head of demonstrations, being dragged away by policemen pulling him by his hands and feet. He walks up to the south wall, where two old Moslem ladies are kneeling on the carpet within the section prescribed only for women. Levinger stops about three steps away from them. The women wave frantically with their arms to make him go away. Levinger does not move. "They don't want us to be here," I say. "This is the women's section." The rabbi's face remains unmoved. His eyes narrow, searching for something behind the carved wooden screen. Then he turns his head and says, "They don't want us in this country in the first place," and slowly walks away.

Later on, in the adjacent hall, I ask him whether he maintains any contact with the Moslem priests who officiate in this shrine, for which he has so often claimed at least equal rights.

"No. I have never talked to them."

"Why not?"

"You must not talk to the Ishmaelites." Levinger never says Moslems, or Arabs, only Ishmaelites. "No, on no account, there must be no negotiation with them. We are in power here. We must decide, not talk. They threw us out of here once." This was in the third century. "If necessary we must throw them out now."

The mosque over the cave of *Machpela* is, I think, the only house of worship in any civilized country, at least since the 15th century, where one faith has been forced to move aside and make room for another. This was achieved by force through a military occupation that prides itself on being one of the most liberal in the world. It is true that Jews and Christians had been forbidden to enter the mosque before 1967. The Israeli military rescinded this senseless restriction after the occupation of Hebron in 1967, and then also enforced the conversion of the mosque at least partially into an orthodox Jewish synagogue. As far as archaeological records go, the *Machpela*, although built partly on the foundations of a massive first-century Herodian structure, has never been a synagogue. The claim that Jewish tombs exist underneath it has often been challenged, most recently by archaeologist Yigael Yadin, now Israel's deputy prime minister. Yadin said in 1967 that the tombs were more likely those of a few Arab sheiks.

Until recently Jews were permitted to hold services only in two side chapels. This February the army, at Levinger's behest, forced the opening of the main hall of the mosque to Jewish prayer. Shortly before this, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman had warned Levinger that further clashes within the mosque could incite anti-Jewish riots in Iran. But Weizman eventually gave in. The skirmishes between Jews and Moslems in the Mosque, Levinger claims, result only

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"from the weakness of the military government," a weakness which the Ishmaelites abuse, he says contemptuously. The Arabs are prompted not by religious devotion, he says, but by the PLO.

Rabbi Moshe Levinger does not immediately respond to one's questions. His eyes continually roam about in space, searching. After about half a minute he says, "What was that you asked?"

"Do you favor giving Arabs within Greater Israel the vote?"

Levinger says it is very hard to answer this question "directly." It is "too complicated, you see." He pauses again. "I agree the Arabs also were made in God's image. The trouble is, they're opposed to this being a *Jewish* state, as against a state like all others. Therefore, the Jewishness of this state must take precedence in value over their being created in the divine image. . . . Democracy must be subordinated to Israel's national and religious purposes. Do they grant civil rights to thieves and robbers in the United States?"

Levinger is 43, a native of Jerusalem. His father, a physician, came there in 1934 from Munich. A man of medium stature, his face is gaunt, the lips fleshy, pale and slightly hared. The nose is dark red and flat. The teeth are crooked, stained and flawed; the face gray, sick-looking. The beard is thin; the muscular neck, veined; the eyes, a grayish-blue, bloodshot. This extraordinary man, whose odd voice and looks would under normal circumstances be counterproductive in a public figure, has made this country jump for years and has successfully manipulated every Israeli administration since 1968. What is the secret of his power?

He is one of the chief ideologues of the Greater Israel Movement. He has established Kiryat Arba against the express wishes of the government. Could he have been as successful without the overt and covert aid of some members of the previous governments, or that of anonymous officers within the military regime? Undoubtedly he would not have. Levinger has proved himself a master at manipulating them. He has forced himself upon the public scene, invoking a "truth" which even those who don't share it tend somehow to "respect." He has been arrested, freed, arrested again for public disorders, tried, acquitted, arrested once more, and freed again. Since his success at Kiryat Arba he has spearheaded a dozen other initially illegal settlements in the occupied territories.

Levinger has staged something like a miniature "cultural revolution" in this country. Its political consequences have been wide, and may well prove disastrous. His ideas have descended like butterfly nets on all too many people. Against the demoralizing background of the previous Labor regime, infested as it was by scandal and dissention, he projected a new violent ideal which, in some circles, produced a kind of catharsis. He supplies a religious ideology for armed settlers as they force their way into an Arab town. He would never have reached this pinnacle if the humane, moderate ideals of practical Zionism, the Zionism of Weizmann and Ben Gurion that built up Israeli society, had not slowly withered away after the 1967 Six Day War. Even before Begin's rise to power, Levinger and his men had infiltrated enough settlers into the occupied West Bank to make any meaningful territorial compromise there difficult. Levinger and his followers invoke the name of a distant, biblical past. Theirs is the democracy of the dead, an arrogant oligarchy that denies the living the right to determine their fate and the right finally to live in peace with their Arab neighbors.

The shallow technocrats and careerists who have governed the Labor party here in the past few years are furious as they watch Levinger emulating the gestures of the past, pioneering age. Their response misses the point when they accuse Levinger of being "unserious" as a pioneer, or when they ask how many potential settlers has he got, anyway. But there are more people today in Kiryat Arba alone than in all the legitimate security settlements established by the Labor government along the Jordan River of the West Bank.

Yitzhak Ben Aharon, former secretary general of the Histadrut, was right when he said of Levinger not long ago at a Labor party caucus: "He confronts us with an *idea* for which we have not yet found a persuasive answer."

Sarah and Baruch Nachshon have been in Kiryat Arba for 11 years. When their four-month-old infant died suddenly two years ago, they took the dead body into their own hands, quite literally, and staged a macabre demonstration. The purpose was, as they put it, to force the government's hand. Until that time, the government had been most anxious to keep the two communities as separate as possible. To avoid possible friction, Jews were not allowed to bury their dead in the ancient Jewish cemetery in Hebron proper, a cemetery which has been in disuse since the Arab riots of 1929. A new Jewish burial ground had been prepared outside of Kiryat Arba.

The infant had died in a Jerusalem hospital. Mrs. Nachshon smuggled the corpse out of the hospital without a death certificate. She put it in the back seat of her car and drove back to Hebron. Meanwhile, settlers had broken into the old, disused cemetery in the heart of the Arab town, and had dug a grave.

The army had gotten wind of what was to come and 200 soldiers awaited Mrs. Nachson on the outskirts of the town, along with 300 Kiryat Arba settlers. The scene was set for an ugly confrontation. An army official informed the mother that he was under orders to prevent her from entering the Arab town; she had no right to bury her child there. It had to be buried in the new cemetery, he said, citing the appropriate paragraphs in the military code that gave him

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the right to enforce this decision.

For two hours, while the dead infant lay on the back seat of the Nachshon car, the two sides argued with one another. At one point Mrs. Nachshon, crying that this was for the sake of Greater Israel, tried to force the dead infant's body through the line of embarrassed soldiers. She was made to withdraw only at gun point. The corpse was taken in and out of the car. Meanwhile, politicians in Jerusalem were negotiating with the army chief of staff, to enable Mrs. Nachshon to have her way. At dusk, the authorities gave in.

The settlers at Kiryat Arba claim there is in Hebron today "true coexistence" between Arabs and Jews. The coexistence of which they speak, it seems to me, is rather that between a rider and his horse. Its sole guarantee at the moment is the presence of a sizable army. Coexistence in the Cave of the *Machpela* today means that Jews are able to pray in the mosque alongside Moslems, who, I am afraid, do not slaughter the intruders only because dozens of heavily armed guards stand above them, in their shrine.

Every Arab I talk to speaks of unceasing "provocation" by the settlers. Undoubtedly these Arabs cannot be the same Arabs the Kiryat Arba settlers speak with. One of these says his Arab friends are mostly hunters and shepherds in the field. Another says he knows only one man in Hebron, his shoemaker. Rabbi Levinger doesn't talk to Ishmaelites.

Officers in the military administration of Hebron do not share the self-confidence displayed by the settlers behind their barbed-wire fence, in the armed ghetto they have been allowed to build with public funds, on a bare hilltop less than a mile from the heart of Hebron. The ancient hates and passions, fears and myths that flow through every sewer here and on occasion burst forth in words and bloody deeds, reek in the city's atmosphere and point to the future.

Only mystics or fools can mistake it. In the best case, there could be a pluralist state, but it would be neither democratic nor secular. In the worst case, the West Bank under permanent Israeli control would be another Northern Ireland, or Lebanon. It is possible to believe in miracles. The wind blows a piece of paper into the air, but that does not alter the law of gravity. A great visionary often quoted by the people of Kiryat Arba, because they misunderstand him, wrote: "Only lunatics, or the ignorant, ignore the laws of nature" (Theodor Herzl).

The Best Resume in America

Some readers have challenged the assertion contained in a recent article by Nicholas Lemann about Washington special assistants ("Protégé Power," April 7) that a man named Ben Heineman possesses the best resume in America. We offer the following evidence, suitable for framing, in defense of that claim. Readers are invited to send in other examples, their own or somebody else's, that they feel are superior to this one. Entries will be evaluated by a panel of Supreme Court justices, Nobel laureates, Congressional Medal of Honor recipients and Pillsbury Bake-off champions. The winner will be awarded the assistant-secretaryship of his or her choice (value: $50,000), or a year's subscription to *TNR* (value: $24).

BENJAMIN W. HEINEMAN, JR.

I. EMPLOYMENT

Acting Assistant Secretary for Planning and Evaluation, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

November 1978 to present.

Involved in development of Departmental Policy (budgetary, legislative, regulatory).

Executive Assistant to Secretary Joseph A. Califano, Jr., Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

January 1977 to November 1978.

Principal staff aide to the Secretary.

Associate, Williams, Connolly and Califano, Washington, D. C.

July 1975 to December 1976.

Constitutional and general litigation.

Staff attorney, Center for Law and Social Policy, Washington, D. C.

January 1973 to June 1975.

Test case litigation on behalf of the mentally disabled.

Law clerk to Associate Justice Potter Stewart, United States Supreme Court Washington, D. C.

August 1971 to July 1972.

Program Planner, New York City Budget Bureau

Summer 1969.

Reporter, Chicago Sun-Times

1968. General reporting (Winner, Chicago Newspaper Guild, Best News-Feature of 1968, with two others).

- 2 -

II. EDUCATION

University of Chicago High School (1961)
Harvard College, B.A. (1965)
Balliol College, Oxford University, B. Litt. (1967)
Yale Law School, J. D. (1971)

III. ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES/HONORS

Undergraduate

Rhodes Scholar, Illinois (1965-67)
Phi Beta Kappa, Magna Cum Laude
Editorial Chairman, Harvard Crimson (1964-65)
Perkins Prize to member of the Junior Class combining excellence in academic and extra-curricular activities (1964)

Law School

Editor-in-Chief, Yale Law Journal (1970-71)
Member, Yale Law Journal (1969-71)

IV. PUBLICATIONS

Books

The Politics of the Powerless: A Study of the Campaign Against Racial Discrimination, Oxford University Press and the Institute of Race Relations (London, 1972)

Legal Periodicals

Decentralization in New York City: A Proposal, 8 Harv. Jnl. on Legis. 407 (1971) (co-author)

Book Review of A. Lester, et al., Race and Law in Britain in 82 Yale L.J. 1558 (1973)

Book Review of S. Lazarus, The Centeel Populists in 84 Yale L.J. 182 (1974)

Book Review of J. Wilkinson, Serving Justice: A Supreme Court Clerk's View in 88 Harv. L. Rev. 678 (1975)

- 3 -

V. TEACHING

Trends in Recent Political Thought, Seminar, Yale College (1970 and 1971)

VI. MEMBER OF THE BAR

District of Columbia
U. S. Supreme Court

VII. OTHER CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee, Maryland-D.C., 1973 to present.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Matters of Race

"Will Broadway produce a Chicano version of *Hello, Dolly* now that it has produced a Black one?" So asked Luis Valdez, head of the radical Teatro Campesino, in 1970. In 1979 *Zoot Suit* by Luis Valdez arrives on Broadway (Winter Garden), via the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. It's not exactly *Hello, Dolly*, still it's Broadway's bet that there are bucks in Chicanos.

Valdez founded El Teatro Campesino in 1965 as a result of his work with the San Francisco Mime Troupe (*TNR*, December 16, 1978). I never saw the Teatro's work but read much about its passionate involvement with Chicano problems in California. Reportedly Valdez tired of taking Chicano problems to Chicanos, when the trouble lay with Anglos, so he accepted a commission to write and direct *Zoot Suit* for the Mark Taper. It was a success there, and the Shuberts have brought it east.

The fact that *Zoot Suit* turns out to be a mess does not entail the classic fall of a radical under the gold of show biz. I don't believe, on the evidence, that Valdez did much selling out; but also, on the evidence, I don't see that, in terms of talent, he had much to sell. His play is loosely based on the Sleepy Lagoon murder in 1942 in Los Angeles, which resulted in race riots. As a piece of writing, it's ludicrous. It's filled with Good People and Bad People; the former are Chicanos and the latter are Anglos, and the worst thing the Good People ever do is sometimes lose their temper because they have pride. The writing is honest, but in the hands of such incompetence it turns out phony—verbal posturings and inflations that couldn't be worse if Valdez's intentions were sheer hack. The construction is like a string of little fat sausages: a conflict swells, is settled and diminishes: then a new, virtually unconnected conflict swells, is settled and diminishes, and so on.

The disgusting aspect of the script is that it portrays every Chicano male in the cast, without exception, as a *macho* imbecile. Obviously even *macho* imbeciles ought to be free of police harassment and economic oppression, but it would have been encouraging to see one male who showed that there was hope for more in Chicanos than swagger, sexual strut and a belief in women as appurtenances. The male dream climaxes when, toward the end, the hero is forced to choose between two girls who adore him equally.

Valdez doesn't dramatize what I assume is root cause: the zoot suit and the *machismo* are consolation and defiance within a ghetto precisely because the ghetto exists. There is a prototypical Chicano who acts as a chorus, a companion for the hero, and an arbiter of the play's action (played with slinky, arched-back sententiousness by Edward James Olmos—a one-note performance that has been sillily overpraised). But this character doesn't illuminate, he is merely the projection of the posturing ideals of the adolescents around him.

As for the production, its worst element is the choreography by Patricia Birch that Valdez encouraged or permitted. With lindy-hop and jitterbug, Birch makes sure that we see enough of girls' bottoms so that we don't get too depressed by social woes. But some of Valdez's staging is vivid. It reminded me occasionally of the Federal Theater's Living Newspaper productions in the 1930s, which means that it has a faint, faint flavor of Piscator's political theater in the Berlin of the 1920s. For instance, Valdez makes some attempt to use the material of the story as décor. When we enter, we see a wide, shallow flight of glitzy steps, over which hangs a huge blow-up of a front page of an LA newspaper in 1942. The play begins with a huge knife slitting the page vertically, then the choric Chicano steps through. And, throughout the play, tightly packed bales of newspapers serve as seats, desks, judge's bench. That's a bright Piscatorial idea—introducing a prejudiced press as furniture—brighter than anything in the writing. And from time to time Valdez gets some good dramatic sculpture out of groupings on those steps. (There's not a stick of formal scenery.)

The response to this show in LA was strong. In New York the Hispanic population is much more Puerto Rican than Chicano, and the Winter Garden is a big musical-comedy barn. (The Mark Taper is much more intimate, seats 742, and has a thrust stage.) Both factors pose questions for this show, although on the night I was there, small pockets of "ethnics" scattered in the conventional Broadway audience cheered individual speeches and gasped when a son raised his fist to his father.

But Valdez has said he wants primarily to bring Chicanos to non-Chicanos. Possibly he will succeed. An odd coincidence is that a new film has just arrived that deals with present-day Chicanos in East Los Angeles. *Boulevard Nights* (Warner Bros.), written by Desmond Nakano, is essentially just another street-gang flick, but it has some similarity in story to *Zoot Suit*—a strong older brother and a weak younger one. (I've read that, as *The Warriors* did recently, *Boulevard Nights* is provoking troubles in theaters.) What's more, on a utilitarian level, in terms of bringing

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. Painfully topical. A thriller about a nuclear-energy accident. Sizzlingly exciting but worrisome in its attributions of villainy.

The Deer Hunter. Male rituals embrace Pennsylvania sport and Vietnam horror. Eventually wobbles but starts well. Finely acted.

Hair. Yes, it dates. But the songs are still good, and much of the filmic dazzle engulfs.

Norma Rae. Emphasize both adjectives, and it's a good old-fashioned work. Labor struggles, courage, hope—can you believe it? Certainly. Because Sally Field excels and the whole picture endears itself.

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Chicano problems to people who were unaware of them, *Boulevard Nights* is going to have greater effect than *Zoot Suit*, even in New York where Valdez's gussied-up play is running—at a $22.50 top.

Prattle about the development of ensemble companies keeps pouring out. Meanwhile the Negro Ensemble Company is really *doing* it. This is clear in *Nevis Mountain Dew* by Steve Carter, which the NEC has taken from their New York home for a guest engagement at the Arena in Washington. Carter's play is an old-fashioned piece of hoke about West Indians living in Queens, tribulations in the family of a man lying upstairs in an iron lung. It's not nearly as good as the three plays by Gus Edwards that I've seen lately at the NEC, each of which had, to some degree, a halation of myth around its seeming realism. Carter's play is like a TV-special script on a "controversial" subject, but, paradoxically just because of that, it shows how good the company is because the evening is never dull.

In fact it's hard *ever* to have a dull moment at the NEC, even when the plays are worse than Carter's, because the company is so vital and assured. Even the one member who is more vaudevillian than actor, Frances Foster, does her vaudeville to a turn. All the others—I name only the womanly Barbara Montgomery and the reticently strong Samm-Art Williams—fill the stage with a life beyond the playwright's grasp. The head of the company, Douglas Turner Ward, didn't direct and isn't acting in *Nevis Mountain Dew*, which is a double rarity, but his energy pervades. The direction is by Horacena J. Taylor who at least had sense enough to know that her job was to let her actors reasonably loose.

The NEC may displease black activists because, in my experience of it, it deals more with the living than with the changing of black life, usually in dramatic forms from the European-derived white theater. But the NEC is plainly valuable to its (predominantly) black audience: they recognize and admire members of the company the way sports fans respond to members of their team. And to a white admirer there's a sense of life at the center cherished beyond the specific work, a sense that (though this is not literally true) any play that allows the company's life to flourish on their stage is a good enough play to do.

And to see.

Meryl Streep, now attracting international praise in *The Deer Hunter*, is playing in *Taken in Marriage* off Broadway (Newman), extending her range and confirming her brilliance. Here she is a much-married upper-class New Englander, airy and disconsolate, risible and depressed, who with sarcasm and aggressive-defensive laughter, is making her blithely unhappy way through a disordered life. The difference from the supermarket checkout girl in *The Deer Hunter* is not only in detail but in coalescence of detail. Like a good novelist, Streep observes and stores the life around her, selects from her treasury for the work in hand, and then fuses the detail inward and downward to keep it from being a mere construct. This much is true for any competent actor. Streep goes further. Everything—the cigarette fondling, the commenting gesture, the smiling insult—seems inevitable for the character yet also is recognizably Streep. This dual quality, contradictory-complementary—authentic characterization plus authentic individuality—marks the talent that stands out among talents.

Robert Allan Ackerman's direction is as busy as Karen Schulz's setting. Nancy Marchand and Elizabeth Wilson do unsurprisingly well as Streep's mother and aunt.

Thomas Babe, who wrote the piece, is one more of the quarter-baked writers whose activity is taken as proof of our theater's liveliness. Last year it was the fevered and footling symbolism of *A Prayer for My Daughter*. Here it's a sort of realistic chamber-piece, a small group brought together for a purpose and compacted into revelation. Once again Babe got an idea, then failed to write a play.

A prospective bride (Kathleen Quinlan), her older sister, her mother and aunt come to a New England church basement to rehearse the wedding. Before the men arrive, Things Develop. The men never arrive—on stage, anyway—and nothing really develops. Babe puts in a catalyst character—the stunningly original concept of a Southern show-biz quasi-floosie whom I hadn't seen on stage or screen for at least four days—but she just helps to bring out some information. Babe confuses this with development and drama. He thinks that, if he reveals that the bride's sister has been sleeping with the prospective groom and that the maiden aunt is a lesbian, he has written a play. In any genuine sense his play has no action whatsoever and articulates not a wisp of theme. And since most of the information is either revealed or guessable by the end of the first act, the second of the two acts is a long portentous wait for something that never happens and whose omission we care about less and less.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Tommy Flanagan

"I've finished that stint with her. It wasn't a contract or anything. It just ended up like about 10 years—sounds like it was contracted, but we just came to a parting of the ways after 10 years. I just want to do something else." I talked to pianist Tommy Flanagan and his wife Diana in August, one week after he had left Ella Fitzgerald. A notoriously soft-spoken and thoughtful man, Flanagan paused to think as he and his wife tried to decide whether there was "love lost" between Ella and her accompanist since 1968. Flanagan was spending the week in a club north of Boston. Again he was performing as accompanist, but this time to Joe Williams—it is a relief, Flanagan said, to hear a low voice once in awhile. He spent his afternoons this week nursing a cold in his room in Salem and watching tourists stumble across the street and back between the Salem Witch Museum and the parking lot of the Hawthorne Inn. "I'm beginning to feel," he said, "as if I'm the only one in town who knows where he's going."

Flanagan is usually described as "professorial" by people who have had little to do with academics. Bald and with a fringe of grey hair, Flanagan has compensated with a full mustache and a hint of a goatee. Impeccably tailored, he

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lets his square wire-rimmed glasses fall forward at a rakish angle. In conversation he seems to peer over them at you with eyebrows upraised in an expression of perpetual kindly surprise. He is a master of the self-deprecating story: he got his first major gig at Birdland one night when Bud Powell "got lost," and recently he has had so many record offers that he "hasn't a thing to play for anybody." Nevertheless, musicians know him as one of the best of the bebop pianists, a child of Bud, but also as a gentle man influenced by Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's "Sweet Pea." In the late 1950s Flanagan took part in some of the most celebrated recording sessions of the decade: he recorded "Vierd Blues" with Miles Davis, *Giant Steps* with John Coltrane, and the *Saxophone Colossus* album with Sonny Rollins. Still, Flanagan's favorite examples of his own work are the mellow ballad performances made with the older Coleman Hawkins around 1960.

Flanagan was born in 1930 in Detroit, a city dominated by General Motors but with plenty of music. To some young people, performing offered the only alternative to the factories. For whatever reason, Detroit produced a large number of first-rate jazz musicians of about Flanagan's age: pianists Barry Harris and Roland Hanna, drummer Elvin Jones and his brothers Hank and Thad, guitarist Kenny Burrell, saxophonist Billy Mitchell and others. "There was a lot of playing in Detroit—a lot of pianos. It didn't matter what part of town. If anybody in the house played an instrument, they also had a piano. There was always a place to have a session, whether it was my house or not. We used to play with Kenny, or at Barry Harris's. But I don't know why there were so many people at that one time." Perhaps the relative unattractiveness of the city had something to do with the dedication of these talented young people. "Everybody in Detroit was fairly advanced. Most of us wanted to get out of that place."

Flanagan's parents were interested in music, but brother Johnson Jr. was his first inspiration: "My older brother became a professional piano player—he's not playing too much now. But he inspired me—that's where I started. He played professionally as Jay Johnson. He brought home the records I heard—Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday. He took me to see the first live jazz music at the Paradise Room: I saw Fats Waller when I was 10, and Jimmie Lunceford, and Erskine Hawkins." Flanagan caught the end of the era when visiting big bands put on large stage shows at neighborhood theaters. Flanagan had the same teacher as his brother and Barry Harris: Gladys Dillard, a woman now in her 70s who is still teaching. He also studied in the public school, and he attributes part of the success of Detroit musicians to the excellent training offered there. Donald Byrd went to Cass Technical, "where you could major in music." Flanagan and Roland Hanna went with altoist Sonny Red to Northern.

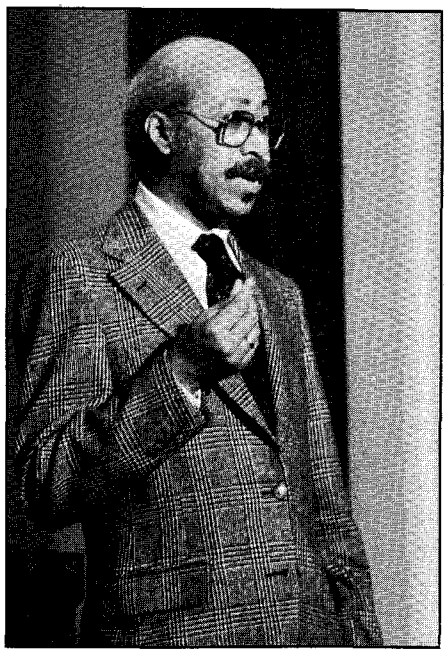

photo of Tommy Flanagan by Michael Ullman

Although he didn't meet Dexter Gordon until 1965, Flanagan did earn money through his music remarkably early.

I've been making a living playing the piano since I was about 12. I had this moustache—I passed real easy. I played some gigs with my brother—some of my first dates were on clarinet and saxophone. I was playing in a club when I was 15. My parents didn't know. I wasn't even supposed to be up that late. By the time I was out of high school I had played some steady gigs—at the Parrot Lounge with Rudy Rutherford, for one. At another place I accompanied a singer for the first time—Bobby Caston. She had a real fast vibrato and two hits in the local area: she was doing 'God Bless the Child' and Call Me Darling.' I digged working with her. I would play 15 minutes with a bassist, and then she would come in.

Flanagan is most animated when talking about other musicians. Much of his youth seems to have been spent sneaking out of the house and into clubs to hear these people, but he first met his idol, Art Tatum, by chance. He remembers the occasion with glee:

I was accompanying Bobby Caston one night. I looked up and there sitting just opposite the piano at the bar was Art Tatum. I was about 18. There he is. But he liked Bobby Caston's singing. He had played for her before. He loved playing for singers. I don't know why—he played all through them—they loved him too. I was afraid to talk to him. I met him about six times and never knew what to say. I called him Mr. Tatum. But he was very nice to me. He had a lot of patience. He stood around and listened to these young people play. He listened and he'd say things like 'There's some rare boys in here tonight.'

Though he idolized Art Tatum, Flanagan was immediately struck by the playing of Bud Powell.

I heard Bud by accident when I saw a Cootie Williams band. [Bud played with this band in 1943 and 1944.] I never heard his style of piano playing before—that forceful. I found out only later it was Bud Powell. I wanted to hear that pianist again, and someone said, 'that was Bud Powell.' He hadn't recorded very much. I heard one thing—with Cootie Williams. He was one of my influences: Bud, and Hank Jones in the more modern type.

Art Tatum's seamless style, exotic and dramatic, and founded on an enormous technique, was essentially inimitable. But Powell's style—strong, intense and rhythmically vital, even manic at times—was more influential, especially as it was humanized through the playing of Hank Jones and others.

Still a teenager, Flanagan played with musicians who later became famous. He first heard the new music, bebop, through Lucky Thompson, the tenor player on some of Charlie Parker's Dial dates, and "one of the first guys that came back from New York and lived in Detroit." Later Flanagan played with Charlie Parker. As he tells it, Flanagan was with Billy Mitchell's group:

We used to do a Saturday night concert at the Broadway Capitol Theater. Every Saturday night, Billy Mitchell had about an eight-piece group. There was a disc jockey there, and they used to have a celebrity each week. This week the surprise guest was Charlie 'Bird' Parker. Everybody sat up—it couldn't be the Bird. Sure enough Bird walks up. We didn't know what to play. I was stumbling through the intro of 'Ornithology.' He played two choruses and everybody was like looking at each other—who was going to play next? Billy Mitchell was strong enough—he just barrelled in there. I don't think I took a solo all night.

Flanagan didn't leave for New York

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until 1956, when he had already played with many of the major musicians of the period. As a result of his Detroit experiences, Flanagan was called to his first important recording session: with a Miles Davis group featuring Sonny Rollins, he cut two blues, "No Line" and "Vierd Blues" and surprisingly, a ballad by Dave Brubeck, "In Your Own Sweet Way."

It was my birthday; that's how I remember. My 26th birthday. March 16. Miles had lived in Detroit for a few years before he got his quintet with Coltrane and Philly Joe together. I played with him in Detroit at the Bluebird Inn. That was Billy Mitchell's gig and Miles was like a guest artist for a couple of months. He was going through a period of straightening himself out. Everybody knew him because of Bird. He wrote lots of songs then—'Four' and 'Tune-up.' He had the date and I got the call. We just cooked.

Several months after the Davis date, Flanagan was back in the studios with Sonny Rollins for *Saxophone Colossus*. Rollins remains one of the pianist's favorite people, "a sweet guy" who, according to Flanagan, is coping with his stardom by appearing more unapproachable than he really is. Flanagan met Rollins when the latter came through Detroit with the famous Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet. Flanagan responds to Rollins's musical humor, though like the rest of us he grapples with the question whether Rollins knows how funny he can be.

He's serious. He's so serious at times musically that it's funny. I don't know that it's conscious that he plays funny. It sounds funny to me. For instance, 'If Ever I Would Leave You' [RCA LSP 2572]. When I first heard it, I was on the floor laughing. But I thought he was dead serious about it. He can play a lot of different ways, but I didn't know at the time that he played that West Indian kind of flavor. Very fast vibrato—almost like a beginner's sound. Like overblowing his horn to the point where it didn't have a sound at all. But I don't know anybody that plays more musically than he does.

In 1956, Flanagan accompanied Ella Fitzgerald for the first time, taking over from someone else at the end of one of her tours. He also recorded with Thad Jones (Bluenote BN1513) and, at different times early in the next year, with Kenny Burrell (Prestige 24025) and J. J. Johnson (Columbia 1303, JC1 1030). While touring with Johnson, Flanagan made his first record under his own name, still in print as *The Tommy Flanagan Trio Overseas* (Prestige 7632). The date was proposed to Flanagan while he was still in New York. Having decided immediately that he would do Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge," he ran into Strayhorn in the street and went up and introduced himself. Strayhorn took him up to his publishers and gave him a stack of all his published compositions. "I appreciated that, getting it straight from the source." Flanagan paid him back with a relatively bouncy version of "Chelsea Bridge" and, more recently, with a whole album of Strayhorn-Ellington tunes (unhelpfully titled *The Tommy Flanagan Tokyo Recital* [Pablo 2310-724]).

In the late 1950s, Flanagan played with a variety of musicians including a weekend with another hero of his, Lester Young. He had previously socialized with Lester, though in a self-effacing way: "Whenever anyone—usually a tenor player—was going to see Lester, I'd go along. He was so funny. He looked funny: he had the first natural hair cut I had ever seen. He walked funny—he sort of swayed from side to side and he shuffled." And of course he talked funny, inventing words and calling everyone "Prez." Flanagan remembers one visit when he and a friend knocked for a long time at Young's hotel room door (he stayed across from Birdland). Finally Prez answered the door, dressed only in leopard skin briefs. When he stood up in the window to pull down a blind, he stopped traffic on Broadway.

In 1959, Flanagan participated in Coltrane's first session on Atlantic: they recorded "Giant Steps," "Cousin Mary" and others. Coltrane was in a transitional period. He had recorded *Kind of Blue* with Miles Davis and was soon to put together the quartet with McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones. Using a technique learned from Miles Davis, Coltrane turned up with a whole range of new tunes. In a manner characteristic only of himself, he also brought tunes he wanted to forget.

As he explained it to me, in this date he wanted to get a lot of things out of his system. He did a lot of songs with that same kind of chord progression as in 'Giant Steps.' Some things didn't even appear on the record—we just couldn't play them. The tempos were too fast and we didn't have enough time to get it down in one session. Why they like to do a whole album in one session I don't know. [This session actually took two days.] It almost kills

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Robert Dallek
Illustrated, $19.95

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you. To stay with that kind of playing—so intense—for eight hours a day. It takes its toll on you, unless you really know what you are doing. Trane knew what he *was doing.*

By implication, Flanagan didn't always on this date, and his solo on "Giant Steps," praised by Nat Hentoff for its use of space, seems to me one of the few places on record where Flanagan betrays insecurity: it trails away limply until overtaken by a forceful Coltrane.

Having worked with Coleman Hawkins, Flanagan was back with Ella Fitzgerald from 1963-65, and then again from 1968-78. He left her this year partially because he needs more time to himself—Fitzgerald's schedule is hectic.

When I first started working with Ella, we worked 40-45 weeks out of the year. There wasn't much time for anything else. She would take a couple of weeks at Christmas and a month in the summer. Until recently, when she had trouble with her eyes. She's cut down quite a bit—not because she wants to.

Himself relatively retiring, Flanagan says wonderingly of Fitzgerald, "She just loves it; there's nothing like applause."

Flanagan feared that he was getting stale in his accompaniments: "Her repertoire can't change that much because she is identified with certain things. What she likes to do is really be current—do commercial things. That's OK, but I don't care for that myself." What Flanagan cares for are the classic compositions of Ellington, the boppers and his own works: "I like bebop. It takes a long time to learn how to play that music. I guess I'll always be playing it. That's the music I love best, except for some of the things I hope to write myself. I'll have more time to do it now."

Flanagan is also concerned about his health. On March 30, 1978, after three days in a smoky club and suffering chest pains, Flanagan went to the hospital with a mild heart attack. "Now I've lost some weight, but I've more to lose. One of the doctors said I was overweight, and that I had high blood pressure. I was smoking, drinking and never thinking, as if there was no tomorrow." Over Tommy's protests, Mrs. Flanagan insists he was a heavy eater too. He now tries to eat wisely—a near impossibility on the road. And though he doesn't smoke, he is subjected to smoky clubs, an occupational hazard few people think of.

Still, Flanagan's solo career is back on track. He was playing at Michael's Pub and Bradley's in New York, and joined fellow beboppers Barry Harris and Walter Davis in an exciting "Piano Pinnacle" concert in Cami Hall. Chuck Israel's National Jazz Ensemble presented a concert featuring Flanagan; as a surprise, they arranged his "Delarna" for a big band. There are now available five Flanagan trio records. To the 1957 album (Prestige 7632) has been added another recording with Elvin Jones (*Eclypso*, Inner City 3009); Jones played only brushes on the earlier recording—on the new one both Jones and Flanagan are more expansive. Pablo has issued the set dedicated to Strayhorn and Ellington (Pablo 2310-724) which includes a rollicking "A-Train" and a second version of the tune that helped make Ben Webster famous: "Chelsea Bridge." Pablo 2308 202 was recorded live at Montreux in 1977 and it is chiefly notable for two ballad medleys. Most recently, Galaxy has issued a varied set, illustrating Flanagan's marvelous taste in choosing tunes and his flexibility in performing them. Thelonius Monk's odd, skipping, "Friday the 13th" is introduced by some gospel chords, and the performance is marred only by some uncharacteristically stiff drumming by Jimmie Smith. Flanagan plays an even-toned electric piano on Dameron's "Good Bait" and on his own "Something Borrowed, Something Blue." Flanagan can be heard in a supporting role on many albums, including the recently reissued set by Coleman Hawkins, *The Real Thing* (Prestige P-24083). The sounds Hawkins and Flanagan make are gentle, swinging and, one is tempted to say, humane. The set was originally called *At Ease*, an apt description of Flanagan at the piano; he is serious, but zestful, poised and intelligent. Now's his time for the spotlight.

The Penguin Book of Women Poets edited by Carol Cosman, Joan Keefe and Kathleen Weaver

(Viking; $14.95; Penguin $4.95 paper)

One's spirits sag at the very *thought*: hundreds of poems by more women poets than I cared to count, arranged in chronological order ("The Ancient World," "The Middle Period 600-1500," "The Renaissance and its Contemporaries 1500-1800," "The Nineteenth Century," "The Twentieth Century: Moderns and Contemporaries") and, within that order, according to nationality ("Ancient Egypt," "Ancient Israel," "Ireland, 10th Century," "Wales, 9th Century," "India, 700-1050," "China, early 12th Century," "Netherlands, 13th Century," "Mexico, 1652-95," "Turkey, 1847," etc.). A dizzying profusion, necessarily uneven, and qualified by the fact that a number of contemporary women poets refused to allow their work to appear in the all-female anthology. (The identities of these poets are not, of course, revealed by the editors, but it would have been illuminating to have been told, in the editors' preface, of their specific reasons for refusing to be included. One assumes that they wished to be considered *poets* rather than *women poets*, and that the anthology, restricted to women, might have seemed a sociological venture rather than a literary one.)

Where to begin? In Ancient Egypt, evidently, with an anonymous poet of the period 1567-1085 BC whose poems, translated by Ezra Pound and Noel Stock, sound distressingly contemporary, and sound the primary note of the anthology—lyric observations on erotic love—in language that is not particularly distinguished. ("Tranquil our paths / When your hand rests on mine in joy. / Your voice gives life, like nectar. / To see you, is more than food or drink.") Then to the *Song of Deborah*, in the King James version, and then to the redoubtable Sappho (sixth century BC) whose verse, at least as it is represented, hardly seems to justify the extraordinary claims that are generally made for her "greatness." And then there is Sulpicia (c. 20 BC), the only known Latin woman poet, most of whose work has been lost, and whose poetry, at least as translated by John Dillon, has the girlish breathless resonances of *Cosmopolitan* prose:

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Drat my hateful birthday
to be spent in the boring old country.
It's going to be a day of mourning
without Cerinthus to hug.
Oh the joys of city *life!*
Is a musty old country house
Any fit place for a girl?

Considerably more polished, and more moving, are poems by a number of Chinese women—Ts'ai Yen (c. AD 200), as translated by Kenneth Rexroth and Ling Chung; Yü Hsüan-chi (mid-ninth century), as translated by Rexroth and Chung; Li Ching-chao (1084-1151), as translated by C. H. Kwôck and Vincent McHugh. Li Ching-Chao's lyrics, composed within a conventional form that, oddly enough, will remind contemporary readers of no one so much as William Carlos Williams, are especially impressive; but the poems are too long to quote in their entirety, and would suffer if excerpted. And there is Hadewijch, a lay nun of 13th-century Netherlands, who composed mystical writings and whose brief poems, given here, have the enigmatic and disturbing authority of Emily Dickinson's:

All Things Confine

All things
Crowd me in!
I am so wide!

After the unshapen
Have I grasped
In everlasting time.

I have caught it.
It has cast me
Wider than wide!

Me is too narrow
All else!
You know this well
You that have been there too.

(translated from the Dutch
by Frans van Rosevelt)

Love poems—many love poems—a surfeit of love poems: by the 12th-century Comtesse de Die, the most famous of the *trobairitz* (women troubadors); by Louise Labé (1525-66), whose sonnets are filled with all the clichés of sonnet-love ("a thousand burning fires / a thousand pains, a thousand unfulfilled desires") one might have thought were the exclusive property of men; by the "honest" courtesan of 16th-century Italy Gaspara Stampa, and her contemporary and sister-courtesan Veronica Franco who wrote, before her conversion to piety, high-spirited bawdy verse. Aphra Behn (English, 1640-89) and Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (English, 1625-73) stand out as witty and eccentric; there is a lively bantering jingle by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as deft—or nearly so—as anything by Pope.

THE RIVER GOD
(of the River Mimram in Hertfordshire)

I may be smelly and I may be old,
Rough in my pebbles, reedy in my pools,
But where my fish float by I bless their swimming
And I like the people to bathe in me, especially women.
But I can drown the fools
Who bathe too close to the weir, contrary to rules.
And they take a long time drowning
As I throw them up now and then in a spirit of clowning.
Hi yih, yippity-yap, merrily I flow,
O I may be an old foul river but I have plenty of go. . . .

Stevie Smith
from *The Penguin Book of Women Poets*

In the 19th century there are simply too many poets, too many outstanding poets—the Russian Karolina Pavlova, the Finnish Larin Paraskee, the German Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Emily Brontë and Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson (who might have been more generously represented, considering her genius). The last 200 pages of the anthology are given over to moderns and contemporaries, and it is simply the case that the period is too rich, and too varied, to be adequately represented in an anthology. One moves from the marvelous Russians: Zinaida Hippius, Anna Akhmatova, Marina Tsvetayeva, Natalya Gorbanyevskaya, and Bella Akhmadulina; to the Hungarian Margit Kaffka (considered the outstanding woman writer of Hungary, but only minimally represented here); to Yiddish writers and German writers (outstanding among them, Nelly Sachs and Gertrud Kolmar) and Finnish and Danish and Spanish and Greek and Italian and French and Turkish and Chinese and Japanese and Indian and Mozambique and Afrikaans . . . and on, and on, the effect being approximately that of a train ride at high speed through an exotic and varied landscape. So promising are some of the sights, though blurred, that one fully intends to return—which is perhaps an anthology's primary reason for being.

How, in this immense context, do our familiar "names" fare? Gertrude Stein and Amy Lowell and Elinor Wylie and H. D. and Louise Bogan not well; not well at all. Marianne Moore, however, has deepened, and Anne Sexton sounds extremely good—the selections are spare, succinct, and polished ("The Truth the Dead Know," "The Sun"). Sylvia Plath, included in every women's anthology, everywhere, begins to sound like a parody of herself, the lines of her poems hysterically terse and gnomic—but surely it is not her fault that she is so widely and indiscriminately anthologized, nor can she be blamed for the selections made of her poetry. There are

"The writing of this book needed the perspective of thirty years. Only historical distance, long reflection, and the calm of approaching old age made it possible to consider the concentration camp in objective categories."
—Anna Pawelczynska

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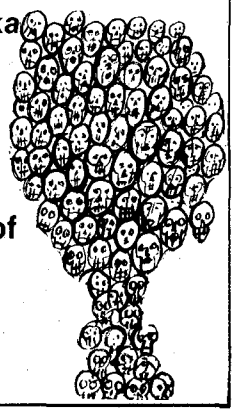

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vapid poems by Edith Sitwell and Laura Riding and Kathleen Raine, and two marvelous poems by Stevie Smith (English, 1902-71) who is far too little-known in the States. Indeed, Stevie Smith, beloved in England, emerges out of the anthology's bewildering motley as one of the most distinctive poetic voices of all time—which comprises, as we have seen, 3500 years. And who is the best of all? Unquestionably, Emily Dickinson.

But what can be said, ultimately, about such an anthology? Or about most anthologies? They are windows, or, better yet, doors into areas of knowledge not generally accessible to us. Though I don't believe that there is a distinctly "female" sensibility, I know, of course, that there has been a distinctly female fate. What is insulting about *The Penguin Book of Women Poets* is not the book itself, or even its idea, but the need for it. To be immortalized as a "woman" poet is second-best, of course, but it *is* better than nothing, which has been woman's portion for too long.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates is a visiting professor at Princeton and author, most recently, of *Son of the Morning* (Vanguard).

Suffer the Children: The Story of Thalidomide by The Insight Team of The Sunday Times of London

(Viking; $12.95)

Walter Lippmann once wrote that the press is "like the beam of a searchlight that moves restlessly about, bringing one episode and then another out of the darkness into vision." To be sure, the press must function like an electronic flash unit, because there's no end to the need for snapshot exposures of dark areas. Yet even if the point isn't always appreciated in the citadels of investigative journalism, we'd all be better off if some of the snapshots were to be sacrificed, if that's the price that must be paid to let the searchlight linger on, or return more frequently to, areas of transcendent importance.

One such area was the thalidomide catastrophe, in which women who took a purported sedative in the first trimester of pregnancy produced children with flippers rather than arms from the shoulder, with toes rather than legs from the hips, with flippers and toes rather than limbs at all, with symptoms of severe brain damage, including deafness, blindness, autism, epilepsy and mental retardation, with malformed kidneys, with missing or deformed genitals, and with no external opening to the bowel. About 8000 of these children, who are mostly in their late teens, are living today in nearly 50 countries.

The beam of the press searchlight illuminated some of this but, generally, restlessly moved on without pausing to show *why* the calamity had occurred, let alone whether other drug disasters might befall us. Neither did it dwell long enough to expose as myth the thought that the calamity was something like an act of God, when in fact the German inventor of thalidomide, Chemie Grünenthal, and its worldwide licensees did not do the kind of animal testing that would have alerted them to the drug's terrifying teratogenic potential. Yet, the Insight Team established, just such testing was being routinely performed contemporaneously, in the 1950s, by many pharmaceutical manufacturers.

At the *Sunday Times* of London, despite the heavy shackles and awesome risks fastened on the paper by British laws weighted toward legal rather than social justice, the Insight Team relentlessly pursued the story for several years—in numerous countries, in arcane sectors of science, in courts and Parliament, in law offices, in the homes of the shattered and the brave, and, where such existed, in the consciences of the perpetrators. Now, in *Suffer the Children*, the authors—principally Phillip Knightley, Harold Evans, Elaine Potter and Marjorie Wallace—sum up. "Sunlight is said to be the best disinfectant," Louis D. Brandeis wrote. This book testifies to the disinfective power of the steadfast searchlight. It is brilliantly illuminating, incisive, poignant; it is written with clarity, economy and power. It is too bad that at the end, as will be explained, the searchlight loses some of its candlepower.

The authors tell us how thalidomide came to be invented, and how, starting in 1957, it came to be marketed with preposterous claims to gullible physicians, such as this one, made in Britain by Distillers Company (Biochemicals), Ltd.: "Distaval [DCBL's trade name for thalidomide] can be given with complete safety to pregnant women . . . without adverse effect on mother or child." The greater the acceptance of such absurdities, the greater the profits.

The plague of deformed babies begins: the authors tell the exciting story of medical detective work, mainly in Australia and Germany, that showed the cause to be ingestion of even a few thalidomide pills. Then come the corporate cover-ups, deceptions, outright lies, and threats, including, in the United States, a strongly implied one by Richardson-Merrell, Inc., the American licensee, to file a libel suit against Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, the Food and Drug Administration medical officer most responsible for blocking the sale of thalidomide here.

We see the West German governmental bureaucracy reacting swiftly, forcefully, and humanely; we see British health minister Enoch Powell displaying an appalling cold hostility to thalidomide families. We see Distillers, the source of most of our Scotch whiskey, trying to buy out these same families with a pittance, but, in the end, we see it brought down from the peaks of corporate greed and inhumanity by an *ad hoc* coalition spurred by the *Sunday Times*, and including not only some political leaders (former prime minister Harold Wilson was one) and even Ralph Nader, but, arrestingly, insurance companies with large stockholdings in Distillers. Across the Atlantic, we see Arthur T. Raynes, a lawyer in Philadelphia, devising an ingenious strategy that forced Richardson-Merrell to pay for thalidomide injuries in Quebec, where the company had reason to believe itself immune from liability.

Suffer the Children doesn't wallow in the horrors that befell thalidomide families, but it does, as it should, sear our souls. In Belgium, a couple, aided by their doctor, poisoned their legless eight-day-old daughter and were charged with murder. After a week-long trial, they were acquitted "to the wild acclaim of a thousand people who had crowded into the courtroom." In Britain, one of the

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worst-damaged children was Alexander Flawn, son of Distillers' export manager for Australia. The child

had a deformed and shortened arm with a hand without a thumb. The other hand had one extra finger. His palate had a gaping hole in it. His face was paralyzed on one side. One ear was completely missing, and the other grossly deformed. For the first eighteen months of his life, he vomited his food across the room with projectile-like force. It soon became clear that his brain was damaged, that he was deaf and dumb, and had poor vision in his left eye. 'When Alexander was born I was frightfully brave,' said Judith Flawn. 'I cut off all my feelings. This was a terrible mistake because I didn't come alive again for seven years.'

A father who was a psychiatric nurse had a series of breakdowns and became a psychiatric patient. A mother fell into an emotional depression from which she did not emerge for three years.

Yet some children and parents found in themselves such nobility of character, such courage, dignity and love, as to leave one in awe.

Terry was born without arms or legs; . . . One eye hung halfway down his cheek and had to be surgically removed. His body was supported by a pad of muscle where his pelvis should have been. In addition to his gross deformities, Terry was illegitimate, born of a white mother and a black father. His mother, thinking that he would not survive, abandoned him at the East Anglian hospital where she had been confined.

As Terry grew up, it became apparent not only that he was not only without limbs but that he was a dwarf. Even today, at the age of sixteen, he measures just over two feet high and weighs no more than an infant. But Terry has never allowed his physical shortcomings to eclipse the sharpness of his mind and his vivid personality. He goes to a local technical college where he keeps pace with boys and girls of his own age, and his accomplishments would be the envy of many an able-bodied teen-ager. He reads extensively and writes short stories, typing with his flippers on an adapted electric typewriter. He plays the electric organ, takes singing lessons, and makes and flies model aircraft. He can fish, swim, ride a pony, and even challenge them to a game of darts; he throws them with his mouth while lying on his side.

Terry didn't do all of this alone. After being kept in an institution for five years, during which he saw no family and social workers would stop by once but not return, he was visited by Leonard Wiles, a 60-year-old van driver who had agreed to act as a guardian—something he thought would amount to signing papers for a vegetable. Instead, he found the incredible Terry. He and his wife Hazel, 42, didn't always have enough money for heat or even sufficient food. Yet after Leonard brought Terry to his ramshackle cottage for visits, the couple decided to adopt him. They did so when he was nine, after spending two years persuading agencies to agree. Then they started a battle to get the boy out of the hospital and into a school, and to win acceptance for him in their community. To help Terry in practical ways, Leonard turned inventor. His crowning achievement was his Supercar,

a chair that, working on the principle of a fork-lift truck, could raise Terry from ground level until he could stand 'six feet high'. . . . Once in Supercar, he was like the frog who became a prince. Zooming up in his chair so that he could conduct us above our heads, the little boy without arms or legs regaled our tea party with his favorite boy scout song: 'If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands, / If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet. . . .'

The loss of candlepower referred to earlier occurs when the searchlight is aimed at certain tangential subjects. One is the nature and dimensions of the alleged drug "lag" in the United States, about which, on the whole, the FDA is misleadingly criticized and the claims of pharmaceutical industry flacks in academe are given excessive credence. Another is the offering of Milton Friedman as to regulation of the drug and food industries. While he may deserve his Nobel Prize in economics, he merits a booby prize for urging, repeatedly over a period of at least 10 years, the abolition rather than the strengthening of the FDA, which, as was noted, prevented the marketing (but not the phony "testing") of thalidomide in the United States.

More troubling is the inadequate discussion of the imperatives of the corporation, particularly the strong implication that the behavior of Chemie Grünenthal and its licensees was rare if not unique. Perhaps in some ways it was, but in others it assuredly was not.

Did DCBL claim "complete safety"? At about the same time, the international division of Merck & Co. was advertising its corticosteroid Decadron with this: "NO STEROID SIDE EFFECTS." That was completely false: such drugs are dangerous if improperly used, and Merck knew it.

Physicians gave Grünenthal strong evidence of a cause-effect relationship between long-term use of thalidomide and peripheral neuritis, a serious illness in itself, but also an indicator of the drug's potential to deform the fetus. Yet the company denied that the possibility of a causal connection with the disease had even been suggested. Later, when it knew to a certainty that such a connection existed, it denied it. From a long list of parallels in the pharmaceutical industry, one could cite the years of denials by G. D. Searle and Co. of a link between the birth-control pill, currently taken by an estimated 80 million women world-wide, and lifelong disabling and fatal blood-clotting diseases in a significant proportion of users.

Later in the peripheral neuritis episode, Grünenthal tried to conceal the number of cases reported to it; even by September 1961, it knew of 2400 in Germany alone. In 1950, a year after Parke-Davis began to sell the "wonder" antibiotic Chloromycetin, it got the first reports on users stricken by aplastic anemia, a usually fatal disease that destroys the ability of the bone marrow to make blood components. Parke-Davis let at least 16 months go by before it notified the FDA.

To try to suppress publication of

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Edited by JOHN CASE and ROSEMARY C. R. TAYLOR

PANTHEON

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scientific reports on thalidomide-induced peripheral neuritis and to try to offset other critical and skeptical materials, Grünenthal brought to bear influence, confusion, diversion, and distortion. In 1960, the Journal of the American Medical Association reported that 35 girls with male sexual characteristics had been born to women who had taken Norlutin, a hormone prescribed for menstrual difficulties. The incidence rate, the report said, was high enough to preclude the use or advertisement of Norlutin as safe in pregnancy. In the same issue of the Journal was a Norlutin ad from which Parke-Davis omitted mention of the possibility that the drug could make it difficult to determine whether a newborn girl actually was female. Without changing the ad, Parke-Davis ran it regularly in the Journal over the next three months.

In 1959, the Upjohn Co., thanks to research it itself had sponsored, knew that because of an apparent antagonism between the two ingredients of its antibiotic combination Panalba, the product was less effective than tetracycline, the principal component, used alone. Upjohn also knew that the near-useless antagonist, novobiocin, was causing needless injuries. By the subsequent estimate of the FDA, these were on the order of hundreds of thousands a year, most of them minor and transient, some of them serious, and a few of them fatal. Ten years after the evidence of inferior efficacy entered Upjohn's files, it was discovered by the FDA. When the agency then sought to remove Panalba from the market (it eventually succeeded), the company mounted a puffery campaign—years *after* Grünenthal's prototype—to defeat it. A key element was a successful effort to induce hundreds of conned physicians to write protest letters to the agency.

Did Grünenthal lie to doctors? So did American, British, Swiss and other drug companies—long *after* thalidomide—as attested by literally dozens of corrective actions taken by the FDA, including criminal prosecutions and compelled remedial "Dear Doctor" letters and ads.

One of the most troubling questions is how Grünenthal could have been so careless in recommending specifically for pregnant women a drug that hadn't been tested in pregnant animals. In July 1961, a Finnish doctor sent an inquiry to Grünenthal: did thalidomide cross the placental barrier so that it could affect an unborn child? "Not known," replied Dr. Heinrich Mueckter, a Grünenthal executive. But until it was too late, the company did absolutely nothing to find out the answer. Once it decided to try, the task proved to be an easy one. Grünenthal researchers, the Insight Team found, "used radioactively labeled thalidomide which enabled them to track its passage in the bloodstream of mice and watch whether it crossed the placenta. Four weeks after the decision to withdraw thalidomide they had an answer. It did."

A similar scenario may be cited for the estrogens that came to be prescribed, thanks to massive hype, for an estimated six million American women who were led to believe, falsely, that after menopause the drugs would keep them "feminine forever." It was established at the end of the 19th century—that far back—that estrogens are associated with cancer. But the manufacturers never did the rigorous studies that would establish whether there was a risk; instead, they touted schlock studies purporting to show that the postmenopausal estrogens either didn't cause or actually prevented cancer. By doing so, they cleared profits totaling tens of millions of dollars annually. Finally, three teams of independent scientists undertook careful studies of their own and, in December 1975, reported their finding: in sustained use the postmenopausal estrogens increase the normal risk of cancer of the lining of the uterus by at least five times. I asked them how much the studies had cost. The total: $38,000.

During the campaign in Britain for fair compensation, David Mason, one of the thalidomide fathers, said frequently, "Nobody is getting any glory out of this; at the end of the day, my daughter Louise still has no legs." But the *Sunday Times* of London ought to get, if not glory, great admiration and gratitude for having shown, despite my caveats, how marvelous can be the result of journalism with the steadfast searchlight.

Morton Mintz

Morton Mintz is the *Washington Post* reporter who broke the story of how thalidomide was kept off the US market.

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Amiri Baraka/LeRoi Jones: The Quest for a Populist Modernism
by Werner Sollors

(Columbia University Press; $16.95)

Say what you will about the achievements of the black revolution of the 1960s, one definite accomplishment was the final shattering of literary constraints by black writers. Throughout this century, down into the 1950s, black writers (especially poets) seemed bound to prove themselves in terms of a

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"standard" art, imposed idiom and conventions. Afro-American literature had been marked more by caution than by flair.

It was not that these imposed standards of good art and good poetry were alien to black Americans. Like everyone else in this country, they had been schooled to accept the Anglo-American tradition in art as *their* culture; which it was, as much as any learned culture can be. But Afro-American writers, perhaps because they felt they had a lot to prove, and because it was so difficult to be taken seriously, felt less free to do in words what black musicians had always done with music—improvise, innovate, play around. American modernism could count on only one or two black writers; most could not afford that kind of audacity.

Every black writer has wanted to have his work taken seriously as American literature—to receive critical attention, to be included in anthologies of American writing, to be taught in school and college courses. If it was not the wish to be accepted as an American writer, it was a hope that American writing could be redefined so as to be open to non-white sensibilities. Some had managed modestly well within the bounds of the acceptable: Ann Petry, Robert Hayden, and the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, Gwendolyn Brooks, come to mind. And there have been exceptionally "modern" black writers, like Ralph Ellison, who invented with audacity and skill. Yet, on the other hand, the remarkable poet, Melvin Tolson, whose *Harlem Gallery* (1964) is a brilliant satire on white and black American culture and on Eliot and Pound even more—applauded by Allen Tate and Karl Shapiro—is hardly recognized, taught or reprinted.

The early 1960s would not be the end of the line for blacks successfully working close to the mainstream. Toni Morrison and James McPherson have been doing quite well. But there has been a dramatic departure of black writers from acceptable paths—particularly in poetry and drama—so that for the first time there can be said to be an Afro-American literary avant-garde. There is among them a new sense of freedom, new expectations, and above all seriousness and wit. Their names are still likely to be unknown to a broad American reading public: June Jordan, Sonia Sanchez, Ishmael Reed, Quincy Troop, Don Lee, Michael Harper, Jessica Hagedorn, Ed Bullins, Derek Walcott are a random list.

At the forefront from the beginning has been Amiri Baraka who, as LeRoi Jones, managed the transition from Beat Bohemia to a black, avant-garde, populist-political art. He has produced enough in the last 20 years, and his work has had enough impact to justify this scholarly study by Werner Sollors. If in no other way, the advent of this book is remarkable because it makes Baraka only the third Afro-American to be the subject of a major literary biography. Zora Neal Hurston and Richard Wright are the others. Two are by European scholars. Wright's biographer, Michel Fabre, is French of course, and Werner Sollors, who now teaches at Columbia University, is German and began his work on Baraka as a doctoral dissertation at the Free University of Berlin. The point is worth making because it illustrates the curious fact that Afro-American literature has prompted more scholarly interest abroad than it has here. Among professors and students of American Studies in France, Germany and England, I have found a far greater acquaintance with black American authors than in this country. That is certainly true of "modern" figures like Baraka. Perhaps, like jazz before it, contemporary black writing will be appreciated by Americans only after Europeans celebrate it.

It was no easy task to get a handle on Baraka. His work and his political attitudes have changed several times over the past two decades, and he is still defining new positions. His life and work could almost be a document of the political and social tumult of the 1960s and 1970s. He began in the late 1950s as one of the Beat writers, co-editing *Yugen*—an avant-garde literary magazine which published Burroughs, Corso, Ginsberg, Kerouac and others—and publishing his own poetry in the several good literary magazines that opened their pages to the Beat poets. Visiting Castro's Cuba in 1960 made him question a Bohemian aesthetic which would hold the artist and his art above and outside politics. He found himself forced into accepting the necessity of political commitment, and that obliged a new consciousness of race. White Bohemians, rejecting bourgeois-philistine American culture and values, might find in the "Negro" and the "Hipster" a style and a posture by which to distance themselves from those they held in contempt. But what of LeRoi

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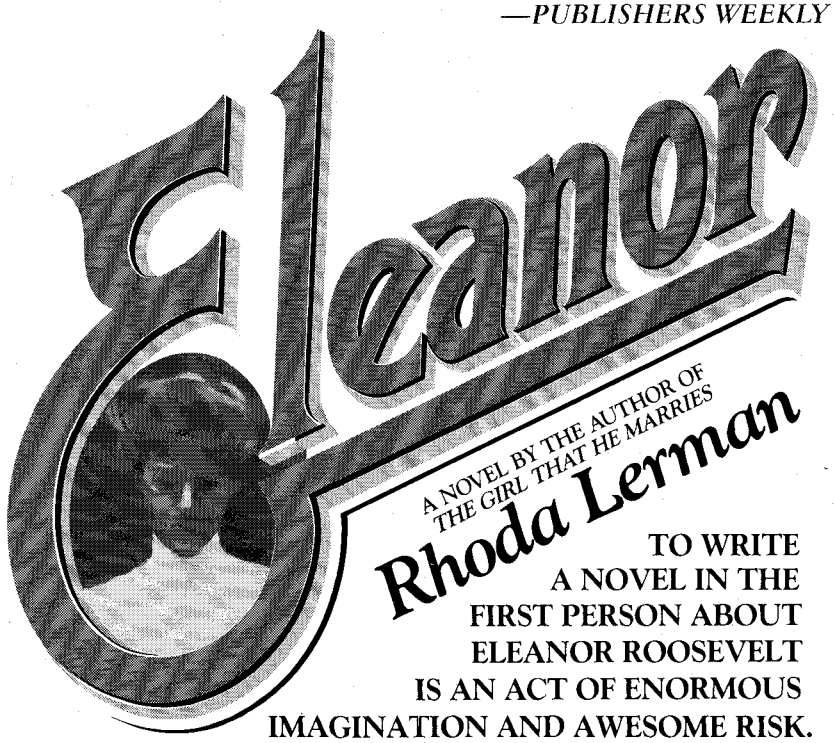

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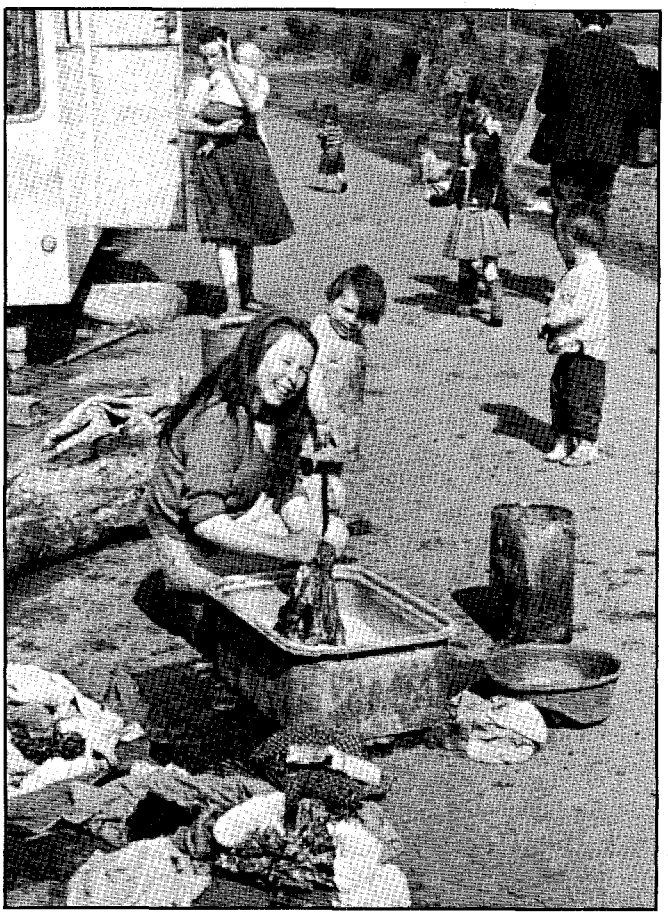

Jones, who wanted just as much to escape his own black bourgeois background? The "White Negro" could be no way out for him.

Returning from Cuba, he wrote "Cuba Libre," describing how the trip challenged his assumptions. The essay marked the onset of a change which would begin with growing criticism of his old Bohemian friends and end by the transformation of the character of his protest from one of "pure" aesthetic to one which was political and ethnic. He became associated with the New Left, during which phase he achieved his first fame as a playwright for *The Toilet, The Dutchman* and *The Slave*. It was also during the early 1960s that he wrote *Blues People*, one of the best social histories of Afro-American music.

With the ghetto riots and the assassination of Malcolm X, LeRoi Jones went through another dramatic change. Under a new name (given him by the same orthodox Muslim who buried Malcolm X) Amiri Baraka proceeded to define his own brand of black cultural nationalism. Moving from Harlem to Newark, Baraka insisted that the creation of the "Black Nation" was the desperate essential for Afro-American survival in a racist society. That meant intense race consciousness in art and politics. It meant discovery by black people of their culture, their value system, their own integrity. It meant exclusiveness—a world divided into black and white. It meant a hostility to the left, to former white allies, especially to Jews.

Racial and political radicalism had its price. Baraka was arrested in the Newark riot of 1967, beaten by the police, charged with illegal possession of arms, convicted and sentenced to two years without parole. If nothing else, the experience was a lesson in the identity of art and politics. The trial judge, despite objections, read in open court one of Baraka's most militant poems, "Black People." Baraka won a new trial and was later acquitted.

Black cultural nationalism, too, would pass. In 1974, Baraka changed to socialism, transforming his Congress of African People into the Revolutionary Communist League. Since then, he has assumed a broader platform, analyzing the Afro-American predicament in economic rather than cultural terms, and recanting earlier anti-left, anti-feminist and anti-Semitic language.

One of the virtues of Werner Sollors's thoughtful study is that he discovers consistency and order in all of these dizzying swings and shifts. Despite these radical changes, Baraka has remained constantly beyond the margin of the conventional and acceptable aesthetic and political thought. The great, latitudinarian center of American culture might well absorb (the word was once "co-opt") the Beats and the New Left—making some of them into culture heroes—but Baraka would have none of it. That fact points to something quite consistent about him: Baraka remains deliberately alienated from the corrupting center, whether it be the black and white bourgeoisie, liberals, white Americans or the supporters of the capitalist system. For him, there has always been an enemy out there; the names change, but the character remains the same.

Baraka's perception of the self, however, has changed remarkably. At first, the self, particularly the black self, was fragmented, split between a possible authentic blackness and buttoned down bourgeois corruption, between naive innocence and experienced self-awareness. In an early play, "The Eighth

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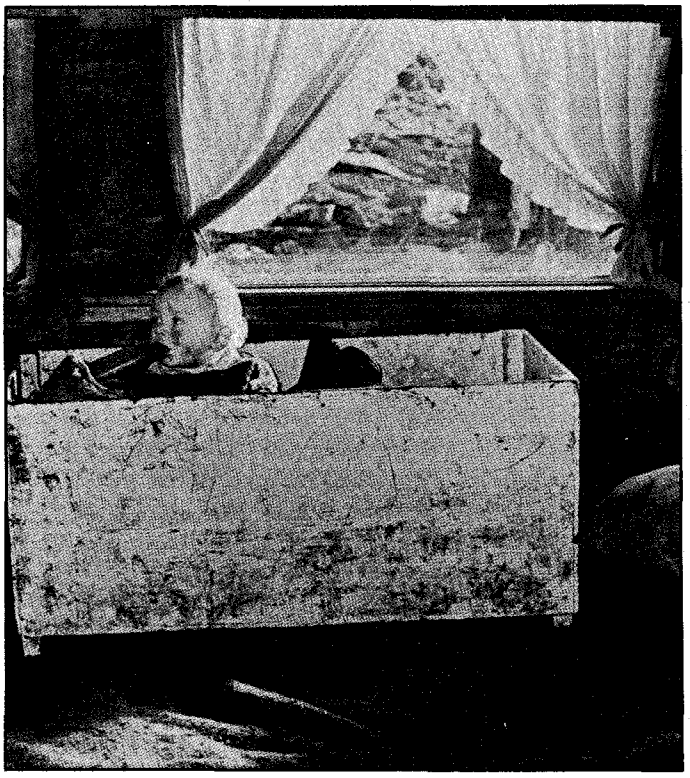

Irish Tinkers
Photographed and compiled by Janine Wiedel with a forward and transcripts by Martina O'Fearadhaigh

(St. Martin's Press; $8.95)

An itinerant subculture whose arrival in Britain predates that of the Gypsies in the 12th or 13th century, tinkers are a curious, almost mythical people. They have traditionally resisted the acquisition of material goods, valuing above all their nomadic existence, survival by their wits and their strong family ties. Martina O'Fearadhaigh's transcriptions of the tinkers talking about themselves, their longings for the old way of life and their fears of their growing displacement in the modern world reveal them in all their pride, fatalism and extraordinary eloquence. These transcripts, together with Janine Wiedel's haunting photographs and Peter Rea's bold design, make *Irish Tinkers* a moving tribute to a culture that the industrial 20th century is pushing toward extinction.

Ditch (Is Drama)" [sic], it is clear that the young "middle class Negro," called "46," and the older "underpriviledged negro" [sic], called "64," are intended to be fragments of the same self. The older boy seduced the younger boy while describing himself as "pure expression" and demanding that the younger boy "remember me . . . forever." And it has been reasonably argued that in *The Dutchman,* Clay, the epitome of the buttoned down bourgeois "Negro," and Lula, his white seductress and murderer, are in fact fragments of the same self as well.

In his intensely chauvinistic period of cultural nationalism, the self became integrated through the exorcising of the "white devil." Certainly, by the mid-1970s, the internalized tensions of his early poetry and plays had given way to the celebration of the pure, black self's triumph over the new externalized white corrupter. It remains to be seen what the new direction of Marxist-Leninist-Maoist socialism will mean. It is too soon for Sollors to say, and except for an interesting interview with Baraka which concludes this book, there are no clues.

Sollors is able to show a continuing consistency in Baraka's view of the artist's role and his art. From his years in the Beat movement he has shown an antagonism to the conventional view of art as object, something to be collected and adored. Here, a poet was a producer of poems for consumers to use. For Baraka, art has been rather a process of doing, a verb rather than a noun. It is what the artist does, not what he produces—"*art-ing*" is the word he uses. Baraka's favorite image of the artist *art-ing* is orgasm. That leaves the viewer, the audience, with a curious role—a voyeur at best. As an individual artist, that attitude meant a contempt or indifference to those who would watch. In his more collectivist, community phases in Harlem and in Newark, where the process of *art-ing* itself was to be collective, this attitude meant the exclusion of outsiders, especially white people.

Sollors maintains focus on such central themes, happily sparing us accounts of the mindless ideological squabbles of the various splinters of advocates of the "Black Aesthetic." He has written a definitive work in that it locates, identifies and distinguishes among texts. All the while he carries foward an analysis of the works. That makes this a very useful book, but one that will not be easy for the casual or merely curious reader. Sollors's scholarship has made him too cautious, perhaps. A bit more of an argument about Baraka's impact on American theater in the 1960s and on the new breed of Afro-American writers would have been welcome.

He has, however, approached the subject both as a scholar of American studies and of comparative literature. That means that he sees Baraka in terms of the political, social and ethnic realities of American life, and at the same time places him within an international context of the literary "isms" of the 19th and 20th centuries: Symbolism, Dadaism, Surrealism and Absurdism.

On that ground alone it deserves attention. But it will also introduce American readers to Afro-American writers whose alienation from

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mainstream American letters has led them to produce some of the most lively and powerful literature around. The "Custodians of Culture," as one might suspect, don't know what is going on. The best one can expect from them are vague recollections of Nikki Giovanni or assumptions that Shange's *Colored Girls* is the most radical work to come from a black person's pen. There is much more going on among the black avant-garde—much of it interesting, some of it exciting. All of it will require of the reader new sensibilities to the musicality of American language. It is worth retraining the ear and the eye, I think, and Amiri Baraka is a good place to start. Werner Sollors's book will help us along.

Nathan Irvin Huggins

Nathan Irvin Huggins is professor of history at Columbia University. His most recent book is *Black Odyssey: The Afro-American's Ordeal in Slavery* (Pantheon).

Contested Terrain: The Transformation of the Workplace in the 20th Century by Richard C. Edwards

(Basic Books; 12.95)

The workplace, Richard Edwards argues in this important and provocative book, is not what it used to be. In the 19th century it was dominated by that figure from the national mythology, the entrepreneur; he supervised the rate and the quality of work and, in myth if not in history, took a personal interest in his employees, burdening his memory, for example, with the names of their wives and children and giving them a goose for Christmas. But as firms grew larger in the 1880s and 1890s this patriarchal idyll came to an end. The entrepreneur was forced to delegate more and more of his authority to foremen, who assumed his former job of getting workers to work, or, to use the Marxian categories favored in this book, of transforming their labor power into labor, the stuff of which profit is made. Professor Edwards—economics, University of Massachusetts—argues that transforming labor power into labor is the main challenge capitalism faces; his book is a history of the strategies 20th-century capitalists have devised to meet that challenge.

Mr. Edwards's focus on the problem of "labor control"—how to get workers to work—lights up our past in all sorts of novel ways. For example, he sees the strikes that swept the country in the early years of the century as in part a reaction to the exercise of arbitrary authority in the workplace. With hierarchical control by the foremen under attack, the capitalists resorted to "technical control." Under this system, "rather than being exercised by the foreman . . . *power* was made invisible in the structure of work." The worker now had to work faster not because he felt a moral obligation to the entrepreneur to do so, nor because a brutish foreman was hurrying him on, but simply in order to keep up with the pace of the assembly line.

For a time, roughly the 1920s, it worked: production went up, the workers were quiescent, the business of America was business. But everything under heaven has its term, or, since we are looking at these matters through a Marxian lens, its contradiction; and the contradiction involved in technical control was very serious indeed. In mechanizing production so as to achieve the benefits of technical control, the capitalists had left their plants vulnerable to sit-down strikes, which came in due course in the 1930s and paralyzed production overnight. The contradiction of technical control was thus revealed: if the assembly line made workers produce faster it also knit widely separated parts of the factory together into a single unit which was easy to sabotage and to stop.

Nothing, however, so wonderfully concentrates the capitalist mind as the thought of interrupted production, and in the post-war period a new strategy was devised to make production strike proof. This new strategy of worker control was not the product of one or two executive brains toiling through the long Darien night, to steal a phrase from Wilfrid Sheed. It was part of a wider change in the nature of coercive authority generally. Bureaucratic control, Mr. Edwards calls it. It works this way. If under technical control, the workplace resembles an army with a general at the top and a cadre of sergeant/foremen supervising the workers, under bureaucratic control, the workplace is closer to a state, a sort of rational totalitarian regime, in which everyone abides by his "job description," follows the rules, and is asked to identify with the purposes and policies of the firm. First used with—one is tempted to say "on"—office workers, the dry hand of bureaucratic control is now felt in the working days of production employees, who are made to feel part of the Polaroid or GE or Westinghouse "family" (you wouldn't strike against your family, would you?). Under the bureaucratic regimen the behavior of employees is monitored to see if they possess the right company "attitudes," but, on the other hand, their opinions are solicited on such matters as workroom decorum or the color of the restroom walls. Management wants them to be loyal, so it tries to make its authority seem benign. It explains, where the entrepreneur and the foreman would have commanded. But, as the reader will already have guessed, even this seemingly ideal system of control contains its contradiction, and to this we now turn.

The chief contradiction of bureaucratic control mirrors the systemic contradiction of capitalism itself. (That sentence is a little heavy on the Marxism, waiter.) Hierarchical and technical control socialized the work process—think of all those separate firms joining to produce monsters like International Harvester; think, too, of assembly lines linking the fender department with the boys in windshields. Bureaucratic control has completed this picture by in effect socializing the work force, making everybody feel part of one big profit-making family. So both the mode and the relations of production, at least in the core firms of our economy and at least in theory, are socialized. Only the planning and the profits of the system remain in private hands.

Sound like old Marxist stuff? Mr. Edwards convincingly maintains that

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bureaucratic control has in fact introduced something new, perhaps the ultimate contradiction of capitalism itself: by inviting workers to have a larger say about the workplace, the capitalists may have let the Trojan horse of worker control through the plant gates. It starts with the men's room walls, but who knows where it will stop? "Management's present monopoly of control can itself become an object of contention," warns one GM executive. Next thing you know, they'll be setting my salary. Such, Mr. Edwards writes, are the anxieties of the men atop the greasy polls of our corporate hierarchy.

I had better say that *Contested Terrain* is first-rate social science as well as radical social criticism before I go on to say what I think is its major weakness. This is bound up with Mr. Edwards's Marxian method: he is too ready to dismiss technical innovations in work as masks or "mystifications" for capitalist domination. Primarily interested in the causes and motives of work—that is, his four strategies of labor control—he has very little to say about the *effects* of work. Adam Smith was not on to the Marxian analytical game, but at the birth of the factory system he was able to describe the dulling effect that repetitive work seemed to have on working men and women. He thought—it is a terrible thought: one can't blame Mr. Edwards for skirting it—that such work made men stupid, rendered them unable to perceive or to strive for their own interests. Smith's observation raises the awful possibility that work itself may be the pacifying and deradicalizing force that has all along prevented the working class from exploiting the contradictions of capitalism. Work, and not the strategies devised by wily capitalists, may be the most effective form of "labor control."

I want to believe that Smith is wrong, and my only disappointment with Professor Edwards's book is that he did not give my belief a firmer ground in fact. Throughout his account I wanted him to leave off his analytical labors long enough to descend into the workplace and describe what is going on there, and thus bring his Marxian logic into complicating interplay with human realities like boredom and the feeling of being confined and the sense of being watched and judged by sleek Ivy League types in shirts and ties. His book convinced on a logical level, but I wanted it to convince as a novel convinces, by testing its idea against the difficulty, complexity, and yes, the contradictions of being human, of living the conditioned life. What I was asking for, I now realize, was another book, one that combined Mr. Edwards's analytic rigor with a sense of empirical complication. That, of course, is unfair to Mr. Edwards, who has done a commendable job within the limits set by his chosen mode of discourse.

We need to augment Mr. Edwards's analysis. We need to know more about the psychological effects of unpleasant work. We should take into account our native tendency to identify with authority, which, as Robert Heilbroner has recently reminded us, begins when we are infants and never, as a propensity, altogether leaves us; and which the capitalists, with their propaganda about joining the Polaroid "family" are now exploiting nearly as insidiously as the Chinese Communists have been doing. We need, finally, to imagine Charlie Chaplin contained within that factory in *Modern Times* for 20 or 30 years, need to watch his manic grace slowly fade away, need to see him come home after a day of exploitation in the workplace only to have his leisure time exploited by the television moguls. We must then multiply Charlie by millions and imagine our way into their lives before we can estimate the difficulties in the way of the bright human future of which Mr. Edwards offers us a glimpse, a "future with industrial democracy alongside political democracy."

Matthew Arnold wrote that the felicity promised by the Christian religion was a "joy whose grounds are true." Mr. Edwards's conjunction of democratic workplaces with democratic politics is the promised felicity of socialism; it now needs to be put on grounds that are true.

Jack Beatty

Anton von Webern
by Hans Moldenhauer, in collaboration with Rosaleen Moldenhauer

(Knopf; $25)

Some great composers have been celebrated in their lifetimes. Others have been honored by later generations. Anton Webern has had neither tribute although he is one of the greatest innovators in 20th-century music. A pupil of Arnold Schoenberg, he used his mentor's famous 12-tone technique (a method of organizing music using tone rows instead of keys) to create music that was even more radical than Schoenberg's. It was so austere and compressed that an entire movement often lasted less than a minute. Instead of notes punctuated by silence there were often silences punctuated by notes. Dynamics became so muted that, as one student recalls, Webern was said to have invented the "pensato": "a note so indescribably tender and soft that it was only allowed to be thought."

Webern's audiences, accustomed to battalions of notes, and musicians from Mahler and Strauss found his austerity and spiky textures offensive. Modern audiences agree. Although today's avant-garde composers pay homage to Webern, his music is still neglected in concert halls. Even Schoenberg and Alban Berg, the other rebels of the modern Viennese school, are more commonly heard.

Webern's life has remained just as obscure. This definitive biography, written by Hans Moldenhauer with the aid of his wife Rosaleen, should change that. Using two valuable caches of Webern artifacts, one given them by the composer's daughter Amalie and the other discovered in an attic in Vienna, the Moldenhauers have reproduced Webern's life in over 600 pages of minute detail. Perhaps too minute. The avalanche of facts has all but buried Webern, a severe, somewhat elusive man. Moreover, the authors get so close to the man that they no longer clearly see his stature as a composer: we exist in the valleys of his life, not on the imaginative peaks.

It is Schoenberg who assumes larger-than-life proportions here. Webern was a 21-year-old student at Vienna University when he began to study privately with Schoenberg in 1904. A brilliant, overpowering man, Schoenberg fired

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Webern with an almost fanatic devotion. "I believe that the disciples of Jesus Christ could not have felt more deeply for their Lord than we for you," wrote Webern in one letter. He and Berg often served as Schoenberg's menials: reducing his scores; organizing performances of his music. In return, Schoenberg provided them an escape from the tired romantic idiom. Webern followed the leader so closely that Schoenberg once complained: "Webern immediately uses everything I do, plan or say, so that . . . by now, I haven't the slightest idea who I am."

Webern needed a strong figure behind him. Nervous and insecure, he despised conducting in theaters, for many years his sole livelihood. He often abandoned posts or made himself too ill to conduct. Psychoanalysis failed to cure his nervous attacks. Neither did public acclaim, which Webern won as conductor of the Singverein, a workmen's chorus in Vienna. An ardent lover of nature, Webern often retreated into the Alps, whose wildflowers and meadows inspired his music. Away from the mountains, he was happiest alone in his study. The room reflected his extreme orderliness: he arranged his pencils on his desk according to length and color.

It is astonishing how much Webern's music echoes his personality (and rather astonishing that the Moldenhauers do not make more of the connection). Webern loved the mathematical precision of Bach's canons and fugues; he wedded the older forms to the 12-tone row, producing diagrammatic precision and ever tighter constructions. Webern worked surrounded by charts, on which he had mapped out the 48 variations of each tone row. "Only on the basis of these unprecedented fetters has complete freedom become possible!" he once wrote.

His fanatical love of order eventually brought him under the spell of the Nazis. In 1933, when Schoenberg was dismissed from the prestigious Berlin Academy because he was Jewish, Webern wrote in anguish, "Will they come to their senses at the eleventh hour?" His own music was branded "judenknecht" (serf of the Jews) and banned as "degenerate art." But the

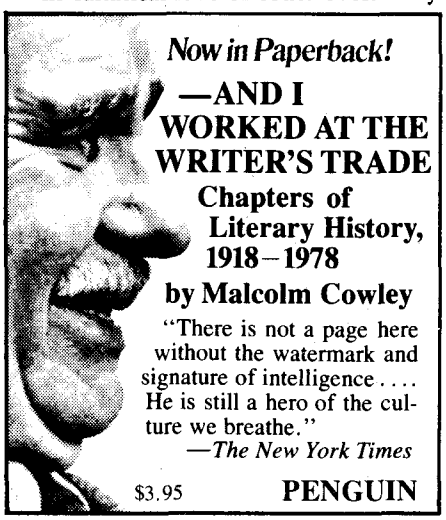
photo of Webern at age 20 from *Anton von Webern*

Third Reich offered order, if a brutal order, and it promised a glorious new German state in which Webern longed to believe. Although he never joined the party, he wrote in 1940, soon after the invasion of Poland and Norway, "Yes, a *new state it is*. Created by this unique man!!!"

Since his death in 1945, when Webern was accidentally shot by a jittery American soldier, there have been six international Webern festivals. The reason, which the authors do not discuss, is that he has proved to be a seminal figure, an influence on such contemporary composers as Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen. Regrettably, the Moldenhauers do not give a modern perspective on Webern. Nor do they give us the feel and sound of Webern's music (some works, like his "Six Pieces for Orchestra, Opus Six," are surprisingly lovely mosaics). This book, with its carefully annotated list of Webern's compositions, is a valuable reference work. Someone else must take Webern's musical measure.

Annalyn Swan

Annalyn Swan is a staff writer at *Time*.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Brief Review

Personal Politics: The Roots of Women's Liberation in the Civil Rights Movement and the New Left by Sara Evans

(Knopf; $10)

Women active in the southern Civil Rights Movement and the northern New Left in the 1960s experienced a maddening inconsistency between the movements' egalitarian ideals and their discriminatory practices. In *Personal Politics* Sara Evans explores the internal contradictions of these movements; she maintains that the radical feminism of the late 1960s evolved out of the self-respect and collective strength women achieved through their political experiences within the new left—despite its sexism—and their ultimate frustration with its hierarchies and hypocrisies.

Well-researched and thoroughly documented, *Personal Politics* provides a commendable account of the part women played in numerous organizations, from community-oriented civil rights groups such as the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) in the South to intellectual movements such as SDS in the North. Although women fought just as courageously for civil rights as their male peers, joining picket lines and demonstrations, often enduring physical abuse and frequently being jailed for their activities, they were consistently denied crucial policymaking and leadership roles in local and national groups alike. Instead they were assigned traditional female tasks: typing, clerical work and housekeeping. They also learned that sexual freedom often manifested itself as another form of exploitation, perpetuating sexual stereotypes rather than challenging them.

Evans points out that SDS particularly,

> *for all its emphasis on personal relationships, on openness, honesty, and participatory democracy . . . was highly male-dominated. Where SNCC had provided an open environment within which women utilized the skills they already had to grow in strength and self-confidence, the northern movement reinforced the traditional roles by building on a competitive intellectual style.*

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Disillusioned with the sexism and the growing fragmentation of the New Left, women brought together what they had learned in community action projects and the theoretical framework of SDS to initiate a movement of their own.

The strength of *Personal Politics* lies in Evans's careful assimilation of ideas—in her analysis of the similarity between the causes of sexism and racism, in her distinction between the oppression and elitism of the New Left and the respect shown to women in the old left. She offers a thoughtful description of the ambivalent relationships that developed between white and black women activists in the South as they competed for recognition among male leaders; such sexual and racial jealousies divided the women and undermined their struggle for political responsibility. Stokely Carmichael's celebrated scoff at the 1964 SNCC conference, "The only position for women in SNCC is prone," expressed the demeaning attitude toward women held by many in the movement.

But in her attempt to be objective, Evans has created a dry, dispassionate account of these women, these highly emotional issues and these volatile years. For all of the interviews and citations of individual cases and key participants in the movement, her book lacks a human dimension. The diverting anecdotes are too few and the painstaking footnotes too copious. I wish that Evans had devoted more time to giving life to individuals like Civil Rights organizers Casey Hayden and Mary King, to the vigorous black women whom white activists new to the movement suddenly found themselves emulating as a welcome alternative to the model of southern femininity, to exploring the question of why so many women remained unaware for so long of the oppression they were suffering within these organizations. If she had, *Personal Politics* would have been stirring as well as instructive.

D.W.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

no disaster.) Serious accidents were simply not "projected" by NRC.

What the nuclear power officials, public and private, may have lacked is an effective Herman Kahn type of critic: a nuclear power advocate who was still willing uncompromisingly to think the unthinkable and to project likely disaster scenarios and accident contingencies. It may well be impossible to prevent accidents at nuclear facilities. But it should be possible both to achieve more effective technical safeguards and control and to be better prepared and more candid in dealing with the costs and dangers to the public resulting from a nuclear accident.

Martin Nass
New York, New York

Jewish cowboy

To the editors:

I've just finished reading the book review of *Good as Gold* by Joseph Heller written by Jack Beatty (*TNR*, March 10). . . . I noticed, in the first direct quotation cited by Beatty, this statement: "Well no cowboy was ever a Jew"; and, again, "Shepherds, maybe. No cowboys." However, I am the Jewish owner and operator of the Grizzly Mountain Cattle Company, Eagle Point, Oregon.

Besides raising dairy cattle (Holstein steers and replacement heifers), I raise Nubian dairy goats. I am a dairy goat breeder (since 1972). My business is, therefore a *100% dairy operation*—I raise dairy goats and dairy cattle. So I am not actually a cowboy (I don't even own a horse)—like any dairy farmer, I move my stock around with the aide of gates and chutes, and I talk softly to them and carry a stockman's cane. Goats as well as calves can easily be herded after this manner. Technically, I'd style myself as goatherdsman and a cattleman. Not a shepherd, however, as I do not keep sheep. I belong to the American Dairy Goat Association and the Oregon Cattleman's Association.

Among the publications I take, one is *Hoard's Dairyman*, the National Dairy Farm magazine. During the past year I have clipped a few articles that describe the Israeli dairy industry. It may interest you to know that Israeli dairy cows are the most productive in the world—their Holstein cattle are first in per cow production. The United States is second in this listing. So, obviously, I am not the only Jewish cowman or dairyman.

H. Rabe Cohen
Eagle Point, Oregon

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China Diarist

Rich and Poor

I rode into China on the second day of direct train service between Hong Kong and Guangzhou. Travelers used to ride one train from Kowloon Station to a border point, carry themselves and their baggage across a bridge into the People's Republic, and board another train to Canton. The new arrangement is a product of friendlier relations between the PRC and the crown colony, which Britain governs under lease until 1998. China has not said what it will do when the lease expires, but people in Hong Kong assume—and pray—that renewed negotiations will lead to a long extension of the lease. Another, less salutary product of renewed Hong Kong-PRC negotiations may be a tightening up of the agreement whereby Hong Kong is supposed to return escapees from China to PRC control. Refugees currently are housed, miserably, in tin shanties that cling to the Hong Kong hills. Many get washed out during typhoon season, but it's a risk they are willing to bear to be out of China. Many fly flags of the Republic of China (Taiwan) above their slum dwellings to advertise their preference. The Hong Kong government has built high-rise resettlement quarters for thousands of refugees, but it's decided it hasn't room for any more freedom seekers. There appears to be plenty of space left in the hills around Repulse Bay and Deep Water Bay, but those are the spots where Hong Kong's rich people build their luxury apartment houses and dock their yachts.

At the border, the PRC has posted a big sign (in English) which reads: "Unite, strive to build a strong, modern socialized country." Actually, the contrast of conditions on the two sides of the border only reinforces one's preference for capitalism. Hong Kong, however unforgivably selfish its upper classes may be with their space, is a modern, prosperous place, with highway, housing and bridge construction underway everyplace. It is innovative in architecture, a home for high finance and fancy fashion. It also is a place of bustling, almost frantic small enterprise in watches, calculators, clothing, cameras, jewelry—anything, really, that can be bought cheap and resold at a profit.

Merely crossing the border, one passes suddenly into the underdeveloped world. Hong Kong may not be the neatest and most orderly of places, but South China is like Burma, Vietnam or Bangladesh. It is a rutted, primitive, muddy, barely mechanized place of barefoot peasants, bicycles, water buffalo and rice paddies. The city of Canton is no advertisement for socialism either. Physically, it reminds one of Cairo or Calcutta. Outside a limited foreigners' area, its buildings are unrelievedly dirty, gray and decayed. Such trucks, buses and cars as there are seem unable to move without beeping bicyclists out of the way. There is rubble everyplace, evidence of small construction projects started but never quite finished. Housing is dark and crowded. In the rainy season, which is beginning now, there's a clammy coat of mud on everything, including clothes people hang out of windows in the hope that they will dry.

Isn't China better off than it was under Chiang Kai-shek? Undoubtedly. People look well fed and adequately clothed. Peasant girls aren't sold by their parents to be worked to death in factories, as happened before liberation. Every child receives an education. In the third grade, children in a rural commune near Canton study English four hours a week, which is more time than kids in the best American public schools spend on any language, let alone Chinese. Hospitals may be backward and unsanitary, but they exist. And China, however poor it is, does not have the aura of perpetual hopelessness that prevails in India and parts of Africa and Latin America.

But China can't win the world's respect anymore merely by claiming its people are better off now than they were before 1949. They are, but they are not better off than people in Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan or South Korea. And China is nowhere near the "strong, modern country" it claims it wants to be. If it insists on continuing as a "socialized" country, too—at least, as it has been in the past—I doubt that it ever will become the power its leaders want it to be.

China's leadership is anxious to impress visiting Westerners that things are changing. On the standard tours of communes and factories, Chinese guides have to be provoked into talking about politics, otherwise their messages are all about production. At schools, posters exhort children (in Chinese and English translation) to respect their teachers (instead of reviling them, as during the cultural revolution). Other posters encourage children to become scientists, instead of just workers, peasants and soldiers. Western songs and dances are being served up in popular entertainment nowadays, replacing the Red Guard military operas of the past. Literature distributed to tourists emphasizes what is labeled the "socialist principle," which is defined as "from each according to his ability, to each according to his work, and more income for those who work more." What ever happened to "to each according to his need"? Guides explain that this is a communist ideal that will only be fulfilled at a later stage of development. Is China willing to use capitalist programs to achieve socialist ends? The guides say yes, it is.

Under the leadership of Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping, twice purged by the left as a "capitalist roader" but now back in power, China is going in for foreign investment, incentives, wage differentials and bonuses. But this is still not capitalism. The highest-paid people in the country, including Deng, leading scientists and managers, make only about $300 a month. No one is allowed to accumulate private property except for peasants' houses and tiny plots, and bicycles, furniture and personal effects. China shouldn't let people get rich importing Mercedes Benzes and Coca Cola or taking commissions on international trade deals, but it has to reward the person who invents a new tractor or runs the plant where new tractors are made. There is a danger, as in Iran or Saudi Arabia, that a vast influx of new money will bring corruption and the undoing of traditional values. But if China really wants to be modern, it is going to have to allow some people to get rich. If it chooses that way, it won't be the same Communist China anymore.

M.M.K.

Executive Editor Morton Kondracke will be reporting from China for the next three weeks.

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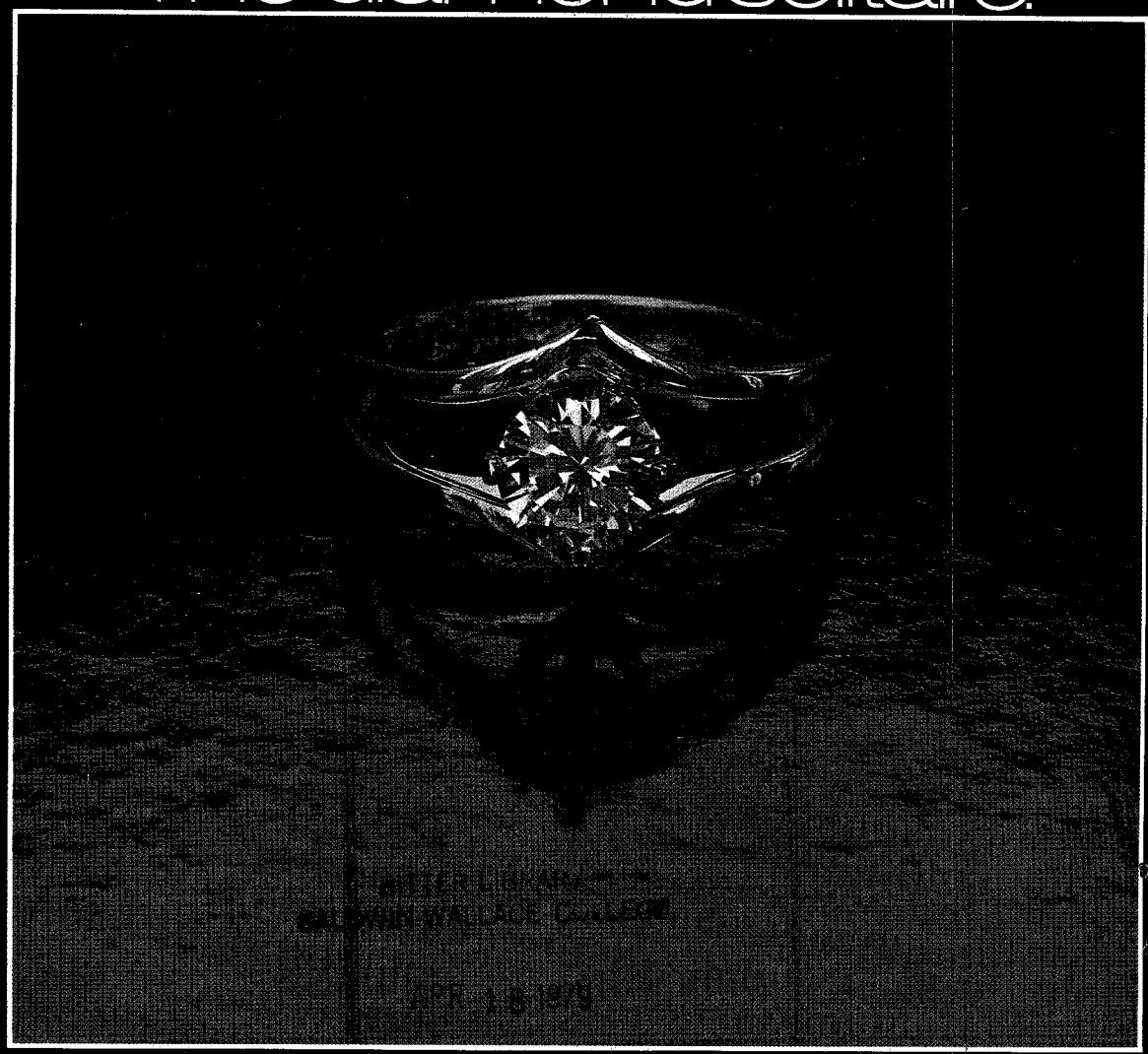

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